

A PARISIAN HOUSEHOLD. By Paul Bourget.

2942



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THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series }
Volume IX. }

No. 2942—November 24, 1900.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXVII. }

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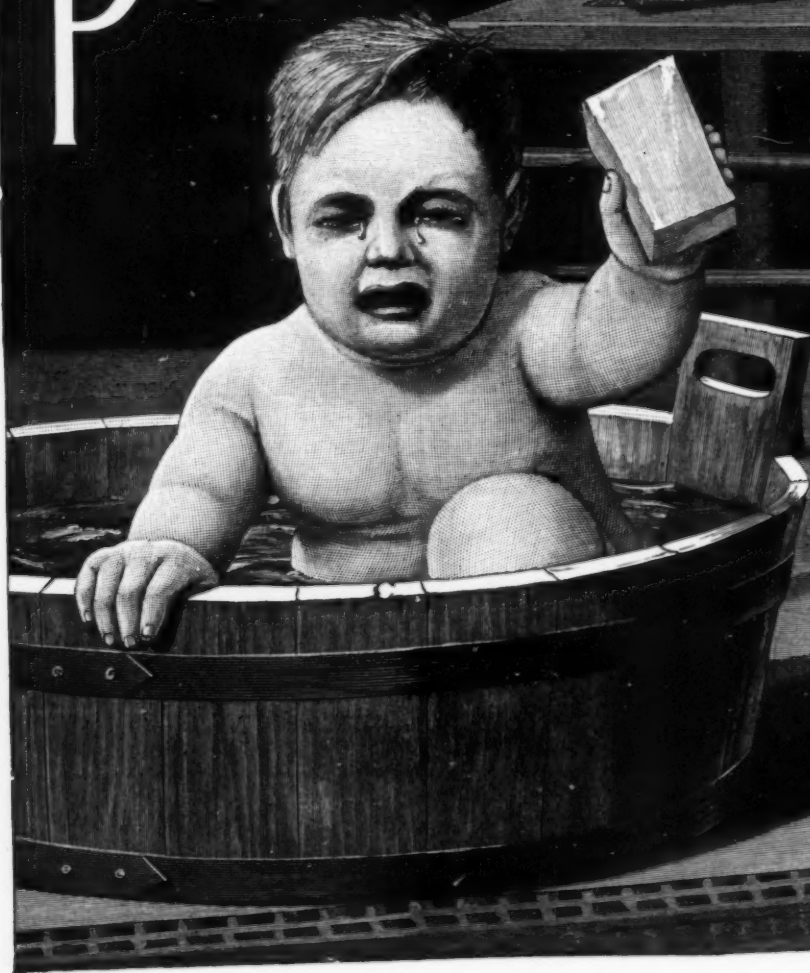
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SEVENTH SERIES.
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXVII.

A PARISIAN HOUSEHOLD.*

BY PAUL BOURGET.

I. THE HUSBAND.

Every one who reads the daily papers—and who has not the habit of wasting an hour or two every morning and evening over a half dozen of these sheets, each fuller than the other of unfair judgments, extravagant sophistries and incorrect information—every one, I say, who indulges in this pernicious habit must have encountered a hundred, nay, a thousand times, the names of Monsieur and Madame Hector Le Prieux. Both figure in the foremost rank of Parisian celebrities, so-called; he, as one of the veterans of Boulevard journalism; she, although a mere journalist's wife, as a leader of fashion who gives great dinners, always noticed by the Press, and whose name is prominent among the patronesses of charity-bazars, first performances at the theatres, openings of expositions—every function, in short, where "all Paris" resorts, that characteristic, indefinable "all Paris" which haunts the dreams of foreigners and provincials. This Paris is not the great world; its elements are too heterogeneous to represent in any degree the high-

est society, but it is "the world," nevertheless, with an exclusiveness of its own, manners of its own, its own hierarchy.

"The beautiful Madame Le Prieux," as she is still called, despite her forty years and upwards, may undoubtedly be reckoned one of its queens, if such royalty is conferred by frequency of mention in the society columns of the daily press.

But to be a celebrity has been defined as being misunderstood by the greatest number of people, and this apparent paradox is as true of this bizarre Parisian celebrity as of any other.

One is sometimes tempted to indulge in conjectures as to the sort of family life a couple can lead who are launched upon the social vortex as the Le Prieux are. As we daily read the wife's name in the society columns and see the husband's signature to innumerable articles, this, I fancy, is the sort of vision we call up. We picture him as the typical Boulevardier of dubious marital fidelity, a gamester, a high-liver and a duellist, always hanging about Bohemian clubs and the green rooms of minor theatres. The wife appears to us under the no less conventional type of the heroine of a Parisian novel, frivolous to the verge of fastness and coquettish to the verge

* Translated for The Living Age by Mary D. Frost. Copyright by The Living Age Company.

of impropriety. In short, we can associate the brilliant Bohemianism of such a couple with anything rather than with ideas of hearth and home. Reasoning after this fashion we should be at once right and wrong, as is apt to be the case with sweeping judgments embracing an entire class. We should be in error as to the individual, for Hector Le Prieux, journalist though he be, is none the less a model husband such as anxious parents seek for their marriageable daughters, while Madame Le Prieux, in the matter of conjugal virtue is the most irreproachable of women. But on general principles we should be right enough as to the small chance of happiness offered by married life under such conditions and amid such influences.

The family life of the Le Prieux is, in fact, based on an anomaly which we must explain at the outset, in order to make the little drama of sentiment that follows intelligible to the reader. Moreover, to relate their experience fully is to bring out the real value as a social lesson of what would otherwise be a mere anecdote.

The mutual relations of Madame Le Prieux and her husband are not due to his eccentric professional habits. Supposing him to earn on the stock-market, in manufactures or trade the sixty or seventy thousand francs a year which he actually earns by his overwhelming labors as a successful journalist, his relations with his wife would be much the same. This singular ménage is suffering from the malady of the day—a morbid and feverish craving for luxury at any cost. For what, after all, is this rage for display, this struggle to rise above one's class, to rival those higher in the social scale in their sports, their equipages, their entertainments, their whole style of living in short, but a particular instance of the universal democratic degeneracy?

One hesitates a little at employing

such a solemn formula to describe an everyday incident in the lives of people who consider themselves perfectly simple and normal. But on reflection we perceive that all the great social changes that history records are but the indefinite multiplication of small individual habits, just as a high tide is only the successive rising of a multitude of tiny waves.

At the time when our drama opens—a drama without great events and yet with elements of tragedy—Hector Le Prieux had been married to Mathilde Duret twenty-three years. Their wedding had been celebrated in a modest fashion, little suggestive of the future splendors of “the beautiful Madame Le Prieux.”

The ceremony was barely alluded to in the two newspapers to which the bridegroom was at that time a contributor. This reticence had been insisted on by Hector himself in his anxiety to avoid all allusion to the disastrous failure which had recently brought ruin to his father-in-law. Since that time such catastrophes have become an everyday affair. No one now remembers the reckless Armand Duret who, on the eve of the fall of the Empire, rushed into vast and hazardous speculations, founded with great *éclat* the *Crédit Départemental*, subsidized countless newspapers, flaunted awhile in insolent luxury and ended his career by a sinister scandal, failure and suicide.

The widow and daughter of the ruined adventurer had with difficulty saved, from the wreck of their fortune, an income of four thousand francs a year, barely enough to keep them from dying of hunger. They had also rescued a few remnants of their sumptuous furniture from the auctioneer's hammer.

Hector, on his side, had a salary of five thousand francs a year from the two newspapers to which he then contributed. Three small farms,

which he owned in the Bourbonnais, brought him in an additional nine hundred francs a year. These figures explain why it was settled at once that the young couple should begin housekeeping with the bride's mother.

The two women proved to the young writer, profoundly ignorant as he was of practical affairs, the undoubted economy of this arrangement, Madame Duret especially urging the advantage of having no new furniture to buy, while Mathilde explained, in a burst of gratitude, which moved her lover to tears: "Mamma is so good, she will give up her salon to me for my 'day.'"

If Hector had been less inexperienced he might have detected in this simple phrase the conception which his fiancée had already formed of their future life. But where could the youth, unlearned in worldly things, have acquired the difficult lesson of reading character?

Being an orphan there was no friendly hand to point out to him the probable course of wedded life and the fatal consequences apt to follow upon slight errors in tactics at the start.

Thus everything conspired to make him the conjugal slave he was destined unconsciously to remain; everything from his solitary boyhood, his early education, his natural turn of mind, even to his race, those hereditary tendencies which have the more power over us from our very unconsciousness of them.

I have said that Le Prieux was a native of the Bourbonnais. Indeed, his name alone would reveal his origin. In the patois of Central France to this day the name *prieux* is given to the smooth-tongued peasant who is the spokesman of the village, and goes from door to door as the bearer of invitations to rustic weddings. Whether this title of rural messenger was borne with special *éclat* by some peasant progenitor of Hector's, the modest archives of Chevagnes, his native village, do not state;

but they testify that his family has borne this patronymic for generations. The Le Prieux have doubtless been sons of the soil for ages, and their descendant, with his great breadth of head, almost flat countenance and rounded chin, with his smooth, straight hair, retaining a tinge of chestnut amidst the gray, with his brown eyes, powerful neck, square shoulders and heavy torso, his whole thick-set, robust figure in short, presents a perfect type of the Celtic peasantry which occupied this region of France at the period of Cæsar's invasion.

It is the aboriginal race whose moral traits have survived amazingly in history; to wit, keen intelligence without the creative imagination, great patience without initiative, and what the scientists of to-day call the gregarious instinct.

Such generalizations are, no doubt, hazardous, nevertheless the annals of Auvergne and the Bourbonnais seem to bear out this one. In the latter province especially the predominance of the Celtic element gives a stamp of unity to her history.

During the whole period of the Middle Ages and the ancient régime, when local independence allowed scope for originality, she gave birth to few great warriors, almost no great artists or poets, as if the race shrank from what is excessive in such natures. On the other hand, genius of a more moderate order, such as produces ecclesiastics and legislators, abounds there.

When a man belongs to his native soil as absolutely as does Hector Le Prieux, its qualities and defects continually assert themselves, even when by residence and pursuits he is removed from these ancestral influences.

It is easy to detect both in his dramatic criticisms and in his Paris *causeries*, a fund of moderation and literalness, of judiciousness and timidity, of accuracy without *éclat* and a somewhat homely wisdom. These all give evidence

of a talent that has ceased to aspire and a character that has yielded to circumstances.

If this passiveness of nature, hereditary in Hector, goes far to explain how his wife became the ruling spirit in the household, the problem remains unsolved, why a man so utterly devoid of enterprise should have chosen out of the many easy official berths open to the sheep-like flock of French citizens, the most adventurous of professions, the one most subject to the unexpected, the least adapted to bourgeois prudence.

But even while giving apparent evidence of boldness and originality, the young man was really proving his docility to the influences about him and his slight confidence in his own powers.

Hector's father, a physician at Chevagnes, had among his farmer comrades at the Paris hospital a close friend who had gone into practice at Nohant and counted Madame George Sand among his patients. On his visit to Chevagnes the Berrichon doctor talked much in Hector's presence about his illustrious patient.

Hector was addicted, like most collegians, to composing bad verses in secret; being also an ardent admirer of "Lélia" and "Indiana," the lad was incited by these talks to the first act of audacity in his life.

His second we shall have occasion to relate further on.

He ventured to address a letter to the famous lady of Nohant in which he besought her guidance in his religious doubts and difficulties!

George Sand replied to the epistle of her youthful admirer with that admirable generosity of the pen which she preserved to the end in spite of her overwhelming labors. Little did she suspect that her four-page letter, scrawled in the large back-handed writing of her later days, was destined to exert a baleful influence over her correspondent's future.

He wrote to her again, and emboldened by her kindness, sent her his verses. The quondam friend of Alfred de Musset was as great a connoisseur in poetry as in politics. On the other hand, she excelled, as we know, in constructing romances. She proceeded to weave one accordingly about the young Bourbonnais rhymester, simply on the strength of his having clothed in second-rate verse a picturesque local legend.

She at once beheld him inaugurating in France that rustic epic, that poem of the provinces, which had always been one of her day-dreams. She encouraged him by her praise, that dangerous praise of which famous authors are so prodigal, not measuring its influences over literary novices.

A visit to Nohant, where he was received with the most cordial good-nature, sufficed to turn Hector's head, and persuade him that a poet's fame awaited him.

The result was that instead of pursuing his medical studies on leaving college, as his father wished, he begged to be allowed to fit himself for the Bar, seeing in this career a better opportunity for carrying out his secret ambitions. The death of his father following soon after, he lost no time in realizing the small property left him, and in the first fervor of his hopes nothing but the difficulty of his cancelling the leases prevented his selling the Bourbonnais farms, which later were to prove the securest part of his inheritance.

His legal studies were at once abandoned, and the disciple of Madame Sand started forthwith for Paris to enter upon his career of a candidate for literary glory.

This event—for the exodus of the Le Prieux lad for Paris created a stir in the canton of Chevagnes, where the late doctor could boast as many cousins as the province had hamlets—this event took place in 1865. The issue was such as might have been expected. Once

more Icarus scorched his rash wings in the fires of reality. In 1870, at the epoch of the Franco-Prussian war, during which he discharged his duties as a volunteer with simple courage, Hector had already published at his own expense two volumes of verse entitled "Gorses and Heather" and "Rondeaus of the Bourbonnais," and later a novel "Le Rossigneu," the patois name for the reddish oxen of his province—all three composed in a deliberate vein of provincialism and rusticity, the conventional style adopted by young writers, who come up to Paris to be sons of their province!

The three books together sold at the rate of a hundred and fifty copies. In the meanwhile their author had learned to his cost how much brutal positivism, ignoble self-interest and implacable vanity artistic Bohemia can hide beneath its high-flown rhetoric and whimsical paradoxes. Passing, as he did, for a plutocrat in the Latin Quarter, where his literary aspirations had naturally landed him, the young provincial had encountered every known variety of parasite, but luckily for him his easy good-nature was balanced to some extent by the shrewdness and prudence inherited from his peasant ancestry.

During the cruel campaign of 1870, first in his tent and later in a Prussian prison, he was led to serious reflections. He judged himself both as a poet and romance-writer, and realized at last that his dream of literary fame was a delusion.

He beheld himself, at the age of twenty-five, without claims to distinction, without a definite career. He saw clearly that he must choose between an art and a trade, and trade for trade, literature was as good as another, provided it was carried out with those qualities of assiduous labor and punctuality so necessary in every profession.

Here, again, the good sense derived from his peasant blood asserted itself.

He said to himself that a leading newspaper is, after all, only a great business, demanding a certain amount of solid work, executed with regularity. He resolved to be one of the good workmen in such a business, and he kept his word, showing a methodical patience worthy of the husbandman whose slow, sagacious energy was revived in him under such a novel form.

His first step was to profit by the dispersion of the literary coteries, brought about by the war, to cut loose from all his old associates. Next he had the courage to renew his law studies in order to take his degree at the bar, and apply for the post of legal reporter to one of the Boulevard journals. This he obtained, thanks to one of his old Bohemian companions, who had also turned journalist.

The regularity with which Hector supplied his copy, the clearness and precision of his reports, and his amenity of disposition caused him to be appreciated at once on the staff of his first newspaper. The editor-in-chief recommended him to the proprietor, who was no other than Armand Duret. The latter was bent on recruiting a set of human tools who were to be his sure and intelligent collaborators in the political triumph with which he was proposing to crown his financial success. He desired, therefore, to make Le Prieux's acquaintance. Thus it was as an obscure reporter that Hector first entered Duret's princely hotel in the Avenue Friedland. The speculator was at once struck by his lucidity of mind, and decided to make him his confidential secretary. The tragic events we have related and the ruin of the *Crédit Départemental* seemed destined to sever Le Prieux's relations with the survivors of the disaster. It was not so, however; he immediately tendered his services to the unfortunate widow, who was only too thankful, in the disorder and confusion of her affairs, to turn to him for

advice and assistance. The young man was lavish of kind offices, in his ardent admiration for the beautiful and unhappy Mathilde.

The sequel can be divined; their rapidly growing intimacy, Hector's passion—at first so timid that he hardly dared hope for a return—the tender gratitude of the two women, and the final transports of the lover before the sudden revelation of a possible union.

Innocent and delicious idyl which still

had power to stir the author's heart after the lapse of a quarter of a century! How vividly he could recall his emotions on the day when, as an obscure young reporter of twenty-nine, he had transported his books and all his earthly possessions to his mother-in-law's gloomy apartment, overlooking a dark courtyard, scarcely venturing to believe as yet in the reality of his own happiness.

(To be continued.)

TIME THE JEWEL.

The circlet that my lady wears
Upon her dainty wrist
No many-flashing diamond bears
Or gleam of amethyst;
I see whene'er she moves her hand
What I would fain forget;
For lo, upon a leathern band,
A tiny dial set.

Why on an arm the gods might kiss
This graceless mentor bind,
To keep amid our timeless bliss
The envious hours in mind!
Has Horace made her worldly wise
And *Carpe diem* taught?
One look into her guileless eyes
Rebukes the pagan thought.

Does she some sweet misgiving prove,
In symbol thus displayed?
"If 'tis my beauty dear you love,
Be warned! It soon will fade!"—
Nay, for she reads my heart too well
To hold self-doubt in hers,
As though to sense she owed the spell
Which soul and spirit stirs.

Why should Time's emblem then enfold
A wrist so round and fair,
When only shining gems and gold
Should rightly sparkle there?
Unless it be she only knows
And bids me understand
That Time itself a jewel grows
When coupled with her hand!

THE SIEGE OF THE LEGATIONS.

BY DR. MORRISON, PEKING CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON TIMES.

(Continued.)

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT AND THE LEGATIONS.

During the night the Americans, fearing an attack from the street at the back of their Legation, kept the street clear till daybreak. During one of the volleys four of the Tsung-li-Yamên Ministers called upon the American Minister. They were blandly assuring him that all was now quiet, that there was no need for further alarm, that great was the tenderness of the Throne for men from afar, when a rattle of musketry was heard which rendered them speechless with fear. They hurriedly went away.

Assurances of the Throne's tenderness did not deceive us. Our barricades were being everywhere strengthened and defences systematically planned, for rumor was quick to reach us that the relief forces had been driven back to Tien-tsin, and this did not add to the security of our position.

Inside the Imperial City wall, within one hundred yards of the British picket on the north bridge, a large Chinese camp was formed. Peking was in a state of panic, all the streets near the foreign quarter were empty, and the people were fleeing from the city. There was a run on the banks, and the Ssu-ta-hêng, the four great banks, the leading banks of Peking, closed their doors, and paper money was not in circulation.

The palace of Prince Su was occupied by the refugees, and its defence, the most important of all and a vital one to the British Legation, was entrusted to Colonel Shiba and

to the Japanese marines and the volunteers.

The crisis was approaching. On the morning of June 19 Mr. Cordes, the Chinese secretary of the German Legation, was at the Yamên when the secretaries told him that the allied fleets had taken the Ta-ku forts on June 17. This was remembered when, at 4.30 in the afternoon, an ultimatum was sent to the foreign Ministers. It was a bolt from the blue. They were to leave Peking within 24 hours.

A despatch, they wrote, has arrived from the Viceroy Yu Lu, forwarding a note which he has received from the *doyen* of the Consular body in Tien-tsin, the French Comte du Chaylard, to say that, unless foreign troops are at once permitted to land at Tien-tsin, the allied fleets will bombard the Ta-ku forts. As this is equivalent to a declaration of war, the Tsung-li-Yamên herewith notify the foreign Ministers that they must leave Peking within 24 hours, otherwise protection cannot be guaranteed to them. They will be given safe conduct and transport.

It was quite in accordance with Chinese custom that a despatch saying that the seizure of the Ta-ku forts had been threatened should be sent after the seizure had been effected. What is distasteful to them to say they always avoid saying.

A meeting of the diplomatic body was at once held. It was decided to accept the ultimatum. They had been given their passports by the Chinese Government; what other course was open to them? They drew up the fol-

lowing letter and despatched it to the Yamèn:—

Pékin, le 19 Juin, 1900.*

Altesses et Excellences.—Les Ministres étrangers ont reçus avec grand étonnement la note que le Tsung-li-Yamèn leur a envoyée en date l'aujourd'hui. Ils ne savent absolument rien de ce que la note contient au sujet de ce qui a pu se passer au forts de Ta-ku.

Les Ministres étrangers ne peuvent qu'accepter la déclaration et la demande que leur fait le Yamèn et ils sont disposés à quitter Pékin. Il est seulement matériellement impossible d'organiser le départ dans le court délai de 24 heures. Le Gouvernement Chinois doit considérer qu'il y a un grand nombre de dames et d'enfants, et que c'est un très nombreux convoi que l'on doit organiser. Le Tsung-li-Yamèn nous dit qu'il nous donnera des sécurités pour la route. Les Ministres étrangers désireraient savoir en quel consistent ces sécurités, attendu que la campagne est pleine des rebelles.

Nous ne doutons pas de la loyale volonté du Gouvernement Chinois à notre égard, mais, puisqu'il y a des soldats étrangers en route qui marchent vers Pékin pour coopérer amicalement avec les forces du Gouvernement au rétablissement de l'ordre, les Ministres étrangers désirent que ces détachements soient vite prévenus, afin qu'ils

pussent se joindre à nous pour partir tous ensemble.

Les Ministres étrangers doivent demander en outre des moyens de transport, charrettes, bateaux, et provisions, et aussi d'être accompagnés par quelques uns des Ministres du Tsung-li-Yamèn.

Pour régler toutes ces questions, les membres du Corps Diplomatique demandent à être reçus par le Prince Ch'ing et le Prince Tuan demain, Mercredi, à 9 heures du matin.

Le Corps Diplomatique attend une réponse immédiate.

Word was passed round that preparation had to be made to leave Peking the following day. Mr. Conger, the American Minister, asked for 100 carts; and his Legation spent most of the night making preparations. No packing was done at the British Legation, for it was there considered inconceivable that China should insist upon sending the Ministers their passports. Only two days before, in the Peking Gazette of June 17, it had been officially announced that the road to Tien-tsin was unsafe. "If," it said, "the Ministers and their families wish to go for a time to Tien-tsin, they must be protected on the way; but the railroad is not now in working order. If they go by the cart-

* (Translation.)

Peking, June 19, 1900.

Your Highnesses and Excellencies:

The Foreign Ministers have received with great surprise the note of to-day's date which the Tsung-li-Yamen has sent them. They know absolutely nothing of that which the note contains regarding what may have taken place at the forts of Ta-ku.

The Foreign Ministers can only accept the statement and the demand which the Yamen makes, and they are ready to leave Peking. But it is physically impossible to organize the departure in the short interval of twenty-four hours. The Chinese Government should consider that there is a large number of women and children, and that it is a very numerous convoy that must be arranged. The Tsung-li-Yamen says that it will give us safeguards for the route. The Foreign Ministers wish to know in what these safeguards con-

sist, considering that the country is full of the rebels.

We do not question the honest intention of the Chinese Government in regard to us, but, since there are foreign soldiers en route, marching towards Peking in order to co-operate amicably with the Government forces for the re-establishment of order, the Foreign Ministers desire that these detachments may be informed quickly, in order that they may join us so that we may all leave together.

The Foreign Ministers must ask, furthermore, means of transport, carriages, boats and provisions, and also to be accompanied by some of the Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamen.

To decide all these questions, the members of the Diplomatic Corps ask to be received by Prince Ch'ing and Prince Tuan, to-morrow Wednesday, at nine o'clock a.m.

The Diplomatic Corps awaits an immediate response.

road it will be difficult, and it is feared that perfect protection cannot be guaranteed. The Ministers and their families will, therefore, do better to abide here in peace as heretofore, and wait until the railroad is repaired." When the decision of the Diplomatic Body became known in Peking the most profound indignation was everywhere expressed at so unworthy a decision and the most profound astonishment that such a course of action should have received the support of M. Pichon, the French Minister, "Protecteur des Missions Catholiques en Chine," and of so humane a man as Mr. Conger, the American Minister; for to leave Peking meant the immediate abandonment to massacre of the thousands of native Christians who had trusted the foreigner and believed in his good faith.

THE MURDER OF THE BARON VON KETTELER.

Early on the morning of the 20th a meeting of the Diplomatic Body was held at the French Legation. No reply had been received from the Tsung-li-Yamèn to the request for an audience, and the proposition that all the Ministers should go to the Yamèn found no seconder. Had it been carried out there would have occurred one of the most appalling massacres on record. Two chairs later left for the Yamèn. In the first was the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, who had this advantage over the other Ministers, that he spoke Chinese fluently. In the second was the Chinese Secretary of the German Legation, Mr. Cordes. News travels quickly in Peking. Not many minutes later my boy burst into my office—"Any man speakee have makee kill German Minister!" It was true. The German Minister had been assassinated by an Imperial officer. The secretary had been grievously wounded, but, running for his life, shot at by a hundred rifles,

had escaped as if by a miracle. A patrol of 15 men under Count Soden, the Commander, went out to recover the body. Fired on by Chinese soldiers from every side, they were forced to retire. Lying ill in hospital, Mr. Cordes made this graphic statement to me:—

On the afternoon of the 19th of June I was sent to the Tsung-li-Yamèn by Baron von Ketteler, as on the previous day, to demand once more the withdrawal of the Kan-suh troops of Tung-fuh-siang stationed at a distance of a few paces from our posts in the electric light works. The secretary who received me, and whom I had known for many years, was extremely nervous. There had been a great change in the position, he said. The foreign admirals had taken the Ta-ku forts, and it would be very hard to keep the Chinese troops in hand. Discussion seemed useless. I left my message for Yung Lu, the Grand Secretary, Commander-in-Chief, and came away. At 5 o'clock the ultimatum of the Tsung-li-Yamèn was sent to the Ministers, giving them 24 hours' notice to leave Peking. Believing the note to have been inspired by an access of madness, and hoping that China might still be amenable to reason, Baron von Ketteler sent a note in the evening to the Yamèn asking for an interview with the Princes and Ministers of the Yamèn at 9 A.M. the following morning. The signed receipt of this note is now in the German Legation. On the morning of the 20th, no word having come from the Yamèn that the Princes and Ministers would be unable to receive my Minister, Baron von Ketteler, after the conference with the other Ministers, and I set out for the Yamèn in two chairs. An armed escort of a non-commissioned officer and four men was ready to accompany us, but the Baron decided that it was wiser to leave it behind, partly because the passage through the streets of armed foreign soldiers might arouse excitement, but mainly because the Tsung-li-Yamèn knew that the Minister was coming, and would therefore ensure him the protection due to a foreign Envoy. We were both unarmed. Our chairs were

accompanied by two Chinese outriders from the Legation. We left the French Legation, where the conference had been held, passed the Austrian Legation, then turned along the Ch'ang-An-street into the Hata Mên-street. Along the raised way in the centre of this street our chairs were carried, one mao as usual riding in front and the other behind.

We passed the Arch of Honor quite near the Belgian Legation, and were close to the police station on the left. I was watching a cart with some lance-bearers passing before the Minister's chair, when suddenly I saw a sight that made my heart stand still. The Minister's chair was three paces in front of me. I saw a banner soldier, apparently a Manchu, in full uniform with a mandarin's hat with a button and blue feather, step forward, present his rifle within a yard of the chair window, level it at the Minister's head and fire. I shouted in terror, "Halt." At the same moment the shot rang out, the chairs were thrown down. I sprang to my feet. A shot struck me in the lower part of my body. Others were fired at me. I saw the Minister's chair still standing, but there was no movement. One moment's hesitation would have been fatal. I ran, wounded as I was, 50 paces to the north, and turned down the street to the east, a lively rifle fire following me. Looking back I saw the Minister's chair still standing. There was no sign of life. Believing myself to be in the street leading to the Tsung-li-Yamên, I ran on thinking to report what had happened, and perhaps find protection. But it was not the street. Two men, armed with lances, pursued me, but fearing I was armed left me. Then I resolved to try and reach the American Mission buildings near the Hata Mên Gate. Dripping with blood I dragged myself along, often down crowded streets filled with Chinese who witnessed my struggle without pity and without emotion, and without even replying to my question as to the direction. I overheard one man remark, "A foreigner who has got his deserts!" Then, in a quiet road, a peddler, more humane than his countrymen, gave me the direction, and in half an hour after

the murder of my Minister I reached the American Mission, and fell fainting at the entrance. My wounds were dressed and I was carried back to the German Legation.

All the chair-bearers returned safely to the Legation and both the outriders. One had immediately after the assassination ridden on to the Tsung-li-Yamên, and seeing there a secretary whom he knew had informed him of the murder of the Minister.

No Prince or Minister was at the Yamên, itself a suspicious circumstance, for it was the invariable custom when the Minister could not be present to receive a foreign Envoy to send a messenger and request him not to come. That the messenger was not sent on this fatal morning, but the Minister drawn into an ambush, proves the complicity of the Chinese Government in the murder. The people who committed the murder were not brigands or men belonging to the irregular troops, but Imperial banner troops in full uniform. The men detached for the murder took up their position near a police station under the jurisdiction of Chung Li, the military commandant of Peking. Incriminating documents, discovered in a "Boxer" camp, had been found proving the complicity of Chung Li with the "Boxers" and his encouragement of a movement against foreigners, whom it was his province to protect. These were in the possession of the German Legation. Officials of the police station witnessed the murder. They knew well that the man to be murdered was the German Envoy—the Minister, not a private person, for if that had been the intention I would not have escaped. The deed was not done by the "Boxers," for no attempt was made to harm the Chinese who accompanied us, which is quite contrary to the practice of the "Boxers," whose fury is equally excited against the foreigners as also against the Chinese who eat the foreigner's rice.

In conclusion I affirm that the assassination of the German Minister was a deliberately-planned, premeditated murder, done in obedience to the orders of the high Government officials by an Imperial bannerman.

Such was the statement of Mr. Heinrich Cordes, the Chinese Secretary. There was no more question about leaving for Tien-tsin.

Later in the day the Yamèn, evidently indifferent to the gravity of the position created by the Government, sent an impudent despatch to the German Legation to the effect that two Germans had been proceeding in chairs along the Hata Mén-street, and at the mouth of the street leading to the Tsung-li-Yamèn one of them had fired upon the crowd. The Chinese had retaliated and he had been killed.

They wished to know his name. No reply was sent, for it was felt to be a mockery. Only too well the Yamèn knew whom they had murdered. Weeks passed before the body was recovered, and it was not until July 18 that any official reference was made to the murder. In the course of the morning a despatch was sent to the Diplomatic Body in reply to the answer they had sent to the ultimatum of yesterday. The country, it said, between Peking and Tien-tsin was overrun with brigands, and it would not be safe for the Ministers to go there. They should, therefore, remain in Peking. It is difficult to write with calmness of the foul treachery with which the Chinese were now acting.

Four P.M. was the hour given in the ultimatum for the Ministers to vacate their Legations, but the ultimatum had been rescinded, and the Ministers invited to remain in Peking. Thus it was hoped that they would be lulled into a false security. Chinese soldiers were secretly stationed under cover at every vantage point commanding the outposts. At 4 P.M. precisely to the minute, by preconcerted signal, they opened fire upon the Austrian and French outposts. A French marine fell, shot dead through the forehead. An Austrian was wounded. The siege had really begun.

THE STRENGTH OF THE GARRISON.

At this time (June 20), at the opening of the siege, the total strength of the combined Legation guards consisted of 18 officers and 389 men, distributed as follows:—

American.—Three officers, Captain Myers in command, Captain Hall, Surgeon Lippett, and 53 marines from the Newark.

Austrian.—Five officers, Captain Thomann, the Commander of the Zenta, Flag-Lieutenant von Winterhalder, Lieutenant Kollar, two midshipmen, and 30 marines from the Zenta.

British.—Three officers, Captain B. M. Strouts in command, Captain Halliday, Captain Wray, and 79 men R.M.L.I.—30 from H.M.S. Orlando and 49 from Wel-hai-Wei.

French.—Two officers, Captain Darcy and Midshipman Herbert, and 45 marines from the D'Entrecasteaux and Descartes.

German.—Lieutenant Graf Soden and 51 marines of the 3rd Battalion Klaochau.

Italian.—Lieutenant Paolini and 28 bluejackets from the Elba.

Japanese.—Lieutenant Hara and 24 marines from the Atago.

Russian.—Two officers, Lieutenant Baron von Rahden and Lieutenant von Dehn, and 79 men—72 marines from the Sissoi Veliki and Navarin and seven Legation Cossacks.

Total, 18 officers and 389 men.

In addition the French sent Lieutenant Henry and 30 men to guard the Peitang Cathedral, and the Italians detached one officer, Lieutenant Cavalleri, and 11 men for the same humane mission. To this insignificant force of 18 officers and 389 men of eight nationalities the entire foreign quarter had to trust for its defence. Fortunately several visitors or residents had received military training, and they at once went on the active list and rendered inval-

able service. Captain Percy Smith, late of the South Staffordshire, was in Peking on a visit when he was called on for assistance. Captain F. G. Poole of the East Yorkshire, who had seen service in Central Africa, was here studying Chinese, as was also Lieutenant Vroublevsky, of the Ninth Regiment Eastern Siberian Rifles. Mr. Nigel Oliphant, who had served in the Scots Grays, was in the employment of the Imperial Chinese Bank. Captain Labrousse, of the French Infanterie de Marine, had only recently left Tongking, his term of service having expired, and was passing through Peking on his way home *via* Siberia, while Herr von Strauch, a retired officer of the Imperial German Guards, was here in the service of Sir Robert Hart. He had the advantage of speaking Chinese, for he was formerly military instructor to the army of Viceroy Chang Chih-tung. Nearly all the Japanese officers also had the advantage of speaking Chinese. Their military attaché, Lieut.-Colonel G. Shiba, took command at once. Though he had only recently returned to Peking, he knew China well, having been here as a student, and having fought through the Japanese-Chinese war. Colonel Shiba was for some years military attaché in London, and was with General Shafter's army in Cuba. Before returning to Peking he inspected the defences along the Northwestern frontier of India. He is an artillery officer. Captain Morita, the assistant to Colonel Shiba, had been in Peking for six years, while Captain Ando, who raised and took command of a very effective body of Japanese volunteers, had only come to Peking two days before the interruption of communications compelled him to remain here.

VOLUNTEERS AND IRREGULARS.

A volunteer force numbering altogether 75 men, of whom 31 were Japanese, was enrolled and armed with all

available rifles. They added greatly to the strength of the garrison, taking watch and watch like the Regulars, fighting behind the barricades, and never shrinking from any duty imposed upon them.

There was also an irregular force of 50 gentlemen of many nationalities, who did garrison guard duty in the British Legation and were most useful. They were known, from the gentleman who enrolled them, as "Thornhill's Roughs," and they bore themselves as the legitimate successors on foot of Roosevelt's Roughriders. Armed with a variety of weapons, from an elephant rifle to the *fusil de chasse* with a picture of the Grand Prix, to all of which carving knives had been lashed as bayonets, they were known as the "Carving Knife Brigade." They were formidable alike to friend and foe. For, all unaccustomed as they were to the military art—the most experienced of them was he who had once witnessed the trooping of the color in St. James's Park—they had a habit of carrying the knife horizontally over the shoulder, so that when they swung quickly round the blade swept into the throat of the man behind. Diversity of language was another difficulty. The opening of the wall on the southern extremity of the British Legation was not a vital point. A sentry selected from the French members of the brigade was usually stationed here. Going one dark evening his rounds, the British officer of the watch stopped here. "Sentinelle," he said, in his best Sandhurst French. There was no reply. Pursing his mouth to convey the correct accent, he raised his voice and repeated "Sentinelle," when a scared voice from the darkness replied, "Begorra! and what the h—'s that?"

Such were the effective forces. They were provided with four guns, an Italian one-pounder with 120 rounds, an American Colt with 25,000 rounds, an Austrian machine-gun, and a British

five-barrel Nordenfeldt, pattern 1887. Rifle ammunition was very scanty. The Japanese had only 100 rounds apiece, the Russians 145, and the Italians 120, while the best provided of the other guards had only 300 rounds per man, none too many for a siege the duration of which could not be foreseen.

Punctually, then, at 4 o'clock Chinese soldiers began firing upon us whom they had requested to remain in peace at Peking. And immediately after the Austrian Legation was abandoned. No sufficient reason has been given for its abandonment, which was done so precipitately that not an article was saved. It was left to the mercy of the Chinese, and the guard retired to the corner of Customs-lane, leading west to the Prince's Palace. This involved the sacrifice of Sir Robert Hart's and all the Customs buildings, and hastened the advance of the Chinese westward. As previously arranged, the American mission buildings had been abandoned in the morning, for they were quite untenable. All the missionaries, their wives and families crossed over to the British Legation. Converts to the number of several hundreds joined the other refugees. The captain and 20 American marines returned to the American Legation. By an error of judgment on the part of the captain the mission was finally left in a panic. Almost nothing was saved, and nearly all the stores accumulated for a siege were lost. The British Legation was now thronged. Rarely has a more cosmopolitan gathering been gathered together within the limits of one compound. All the women and children were there, all the missionaries, American, British, French and Russian, all the Customs staff, the French, Belgian, Russian, American, Spanish, Japanese and Italian Ministers and their families, the entire unofficial foreign community of Peking, with the exception of M. Chamot, who re-

mained in his hotel throughout, though it was in the hottest corner of the besieged area. First of the Ministers to come in for protection was M. Pichon, the French Minister, though there seemed to be no immediate reason for his forsaking his Legation, and his hasty retreat at the outset of the siege would have discouraged men less courageous than the fine body of marines who formed his Legation Guard. French volunteers stood bravely by their own Legation, and the Austrian *Chargé d'Affaires* and Mme. von Rosthorn remained there as long as there was a room habitable. Mr. Squalers, the first secretary of the American Legation, with Mr. Cheshire, the Chinese Secretary, and Mr. Pethick, the well-known private secretary of Li Hung Chang, stayed by the United States Legation, and the staff of the German Legation also kept staunchly to their posts.

Many well-known men were to be seen among the busy community at the British Legation. M. Pokotiloff, the head of the Russo-Chinese Bank, whose knowledge of the Far Eastern question is probably greater than that of any other man living; M. Podzneeff, the greatest living authority on Manchuria; Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the learned professor of the Tung Wen Kuan; Dr. Smith, author of "Chinese Characteristics," and many others. After 40 years' service under the Chinese Government, Sir Robert Hart was driven from his home to the protection of the British Legation, and all the papers and correspondence and archives of the great department which he controlled left to be destroyed by the soldiers of the Government he has served with such unparalleled devotion and fidelity.

PREPARING FOR HOSTILITIES.

When the Austrians withdrew from their Legation, the British picket on the North bridge retired to the main gate, where a redoubt was built and the Nor-

denfeldt mounted. Stores were commandeered. Shops in Legation-street were stripped. Sniping began and was not discontinued till relief came. Late in the evening Mr. Huberty James, the professor of English in the Peking University was killed. He had rendered great services, for it was through his influence with Prince Su that the Palace had been thrown open for the Christian refugees. He seemed to have a blind faith in the Chinese. Prince Su had assured him that Yung Lu had given him his word that no soldier would fire upon a foreigner, and he believed him with the fatal confidence that was his undoing. To cross from the Palace to the British Legation he went round by the North bridge, though he knew that the bridge had been evacuated. On the bridge he was fired at by a soldier at short range, ran back apparently unhurt, and was fired at from another quarter. He raised his hands to show that he was unarmed, and fell shot into the canal, where volleys were fired into his body from the water gate under the Imperial City wall. The murder was seen from the British Legation. Desultory firing continued through the night. One Russian marine was shot dead through the forehead. In the morning a letter reached the American Legation from one of the captains in the relief column. Dated June 14, it was written from a point only 35 miles from Peking. It was a casual, chatty letter which gave no indication that in the opinion of the writer there was any need for hurry.

At the British Legation fortification began in real earnest, the refugees working like coolies. Sandbags were made by the thousand, and posts mounted round the Legation. A way was knocked through the houses to the Russian Legation, so that the Americans, if they had to fall back, could pass through to the British Legation. During the day every Legation was exposed

to a continuous fire from surrounding house-tops, and in the case of the British Legation from the cover in the Imperial Carriage Park. Chinese put flames to the abandoned buildings, and the Belgian Legation, the Austrian Legation, the Methodist Mission and some private houses were burned.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD ASSUMES COMMAND.

June 22d opened disastrously. The evening before Captain Thomann, the Austrian commander, announced that as the senior officer he had taken command in Peking. This morning, hearing from an irresponsible American that the American Legation was abandoned, he, without taking steps to verify the information, ordered the abandonment of all the Legations east of Canal-street, the detachments to fall back upon the British Legation. There had been no casualties to speak of, none of the Legations had been attacked, and every commander who received the order to retreat regarded the action as madness. Peremptory orders were sent to the Japanese to abandon the Prince's Palace or Fu (as I shall henceforth call it), and they retired to their Legation. In the British Legation nothing was known of the order when, to the amazement of all, the Italians, Austrians and French came running down Legation-street, followed a little later by the Japanese, and subsequently by the Germans, who recalled their post on the wall and marched without a shot being fired at them down under the wall to Canal-street. Americans and Russians, learning that all east of Canal-street had been abandoned, saw themselves cut off, though their communications had not even been menaced, and retreated precipitately into the British Legation. It was a veritable stampede—a panic that might have been fraught with the gravest disaster. Prompt action was taken. Captain Thomann was

relieved of his command, and Sir Claude MacDonald, at the urgent instance of the French and Russian Ministers, subsequently confirmed by all their colleagues, assumed the chief command. The French and Austrians reoccupied the French Legation, but the barricade in Customs-street was lost. One German only was killed and the position was saved, but the blunder might have been disastrous.

CHINESE INCENDIARISM.

It was obvious from the first that the great danger at the British Legation was not so much from rifle-fire as from incendiarism, for on three sides the compound was surrounded by Chinese buildings of a highly inflammable nature. Before time could be given to clear an open space round the Legation the buildings to the rear of Mr. Cockburn's house were set on fire, and as the wind was blowing strongly towards us it seemed as if nothing could prevent the fire from bursting into the Legation. Water had to be used sparingly, for the wells were lower than they had been for years, yet the flames had to be fought. Bullets were whistling through the trees. Private Scadding, the first Englishman to fall, was killed while on watch on the stables near by. Men and women lined up and water was passed along in buckets to a small fire engine that was played upon the fire. Walls were broken through, trees hastily cut down, and desperate work saved the building. It was the first experience of intense excitement. Then the men set to with a will, and till late at night were demolishing the temple and buildings outside the wall of the Legation. Work was continued in the morning, but when it was proposed to pull down an unimportant building in the Hanlin Academy that abuts upon the Legation to the North, the proposition was vetoed. Such desecration, it was said, would wound the susceptibili-

ties of the Chinese Government. It was "the most sacred building in China." To lay hands upon it even to safeguard the lives of beleaguered women and children, could not be thought of for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Chinese Government! So little do the oldest of us understand the Chinese.

A strong wind was blowing from the Hanlin into the Legation, the distance separating the nearest building from the Minister's residence being only a few feet. Fire the one and the Minister's residence would have been in danger. Suddenly there was the alarm of fire. Smoke was rising from the Hanlin. The most venerated pile in Peking, the great Imperial Academy, centre of all Chinese learning, with its priceless collection of books and manuscripts, was in flames. Every one who was off duty rushed to the back of the Legation. The Hanlin had been occupied during the night by Imperial soldiers, who did not hesitate, in their rage to destroy foreigners, to set fire to the buildings. It was first necessary to clear the temple. A breach was made in the wall, Captain Poole headed a force of marines and volunteers who rushed in, divided, searched the courts, and returned to the main pavilion with its superb pillars and memorial tablets. Chinese were rushing from other burning buildings to the main entrance. They were taken by surprise and many were killed, but they had done their evil deed. Other great libraries have been destroyed by the victorious invader. What can be thought of a nation which destroys its own most sacred edifice, the pride and glory of its learned men through centuries, in order to wreck vengeance upon the foreigner?

To save the Legation it was necessary to continue the destruction and dismantle the library buildings. With great difficulty, with inadequate tools, the buildings were pulled down. Trees en-

dangering our position were felled. An attempt was made to rescue specimens of the more valuable manuscripts, but few were saved, for the danger was pressing. Sir Claude MacDonald, as soon as the fire was discovered, despatched a messenger to the Tsung-li-Yamên, telling them of the fire and urging them to send some responsible officials to carry away what volumes could be rescued, but no attention was given to his courteous communication. The Dutch Legation was burned on the 22d, and next day Chinese soldiers set fire to the Russo-Chinese Bank and a greater part of the buildings were destroyed, involving in danger the American Legation. Chinese volunteers were called for. They responded readily, worked with much courage exposed to fire from the wall, and the Legation was saved. All the buildings back from the bank to the Chien Mên (the main gate between the Chinese and Tartar cities facing the entrance to the Forbidden City) seemed to be on fire. Then all the Customs buildings were fired, so that flames were on every side, and the smoke was tremendous, while the fusillade was incessant. An Italian and a German died of their wounds. The first American was killed, shot from the wall, then a Russian fell. They were dropping off one by one, and already we were well accustomed to the sight of the stretcher and the funeral. Wounded were being brought in from every Legation to the hospital in the British Legation. The chancery had been converted into a hospital. There was a staff of trained nurses and qualified doctors. Dr. Velde of the German Legation, and Dr. W. Poole, of the British Legation, were in charge and did admirable work throughout the siege. Both surgeons had the advantage of previous experience of gunshot wounds, Dr Velde having been attached to the ambulance in the Turco-Greek war and Dr. Poole having seen service

on the Niger and in British Central Africa. First aid to the Japanese and others in the Fu was rendered in the field was given by Surgeon Captain Nakagawa, a highly-trained surgeon of Berlin and Tokio, while the well-known Dr. Matignon, of the French Legation, fearlessly exposed himself throughout the siege attending the wounded that fell in the defence of his Legation.

KRUPP GUNS OPEN FIRE.

Then a new terror was added to the fears of the besieged, for the Imperial troops mounted a 3-in. Krupp gun on the Chien Mên, the gate opposite to the Forbidden City, and began throwing segment shells from a distance of 1,000 yards into the crowded Legation. The first shell struck the American Legation, others burst over the British compound, while others crashed into the upper rooms of the German Legation. It was known that the Chinese had ten similar guns in Peking, while we had nothing with which to answer their fire, and no one ever knew where the next gun might be mounted. Immediately all hands dug bomb-proof shelters for the women and children. Rifle-fire also played on the Americans from the wall quite close to them at a distance of a few hundred feet only, whence, safely sheltered by the parapet of the wall, men could enfilade the barricade which was held by the Americans on the street running east and west under the wall. The barricade became untenable, and to occupy the wall was a paramount necessity which could no longer be delayed.

Already, on the 22d, the Germans had occupied the wall east of the German Legation, thus cutting off the Chinese troops from the great east gate, Hata Mên, and under Captain von Soden had patrolled the wall past the American Legation. On the 24th a party of Germans and Americans, leaving the Austrians and French in charge of the Ger-

man barricade, advanced again westward along the wall sweeping the way clear past the American Legation for 200 yards towards the Chien Mên, the other great gate on the west. Then the Germans retired to their own barricade, while the Americans retained the position which had been thus gained. At the head of the ramp behind the Legation they began to build hastily a covering wall to shelter them from the fire which was shortly rained along the open surface from the west. The German and American barricades were now distant from each other about 500 yards. No enemy could live between them, and the security of the American Legation was increased tenfold. But a great blunder was made at this stage. The Americans built a barricade across the wall from the ramp to the eastern corner of the bastion, leaving the bastion outside their lines. The enemy swiftly seized the advantage offered them. They mounted the wall by the next ramp to the west and, under cover of night, threw an exactly corresponding barricade across the wall to the western corner of the bastion. Thus there were two barricades facing each other at a distance of 80 yards. The Christian coolies worked all night at strengthening the barricade, while small pickets of Germans and Russians were sent to assist the Americans to hold the position which was subsequently held by the British and Russians in conjunction with the Americans.

Down in the besieged area the enemy pressed upon every side. Again they attempted to fire the British Legation from the Mongol market on the west; but a sortie was made by British marines and volunteers, and the Chinese were driven from house to house out of the market. The work was dangerous, and Captain Halliday was dangerously wounded, while Captain Strouts had an extraordinary escape, the bullet grazing the skin above the carotid artery. The

sortie was entirely successful; some rifles were captured and ammunition, which was more precious than silver. The buildings were then fired by us, the fire being kept under control, which cleared a long distance round the west of the Legation.

Fortification proceeded without intermission and all the defences of the besieged area quickly gathered strength. For the first time in war art was a feature in the fortification. Sandbags were of every color under the sun and of every texture. Silks and satins, curtains and carpets and embroideries were ruthlessly cut up into sandbags. In the Prince's Fu the sandbags were made of the richest silks and satins, the Imperial gifts and accumulated treasures of one of the eight princely families of China.

In the Prince's Fu the Chinese made a determined attempt to force their way into the Palace in their frenzy to slaughter the native Christians. In the angle of the wall in the northeastern court of the Palace they made a breach in the wall and rushed wildly in. But the Japanese were waiting for them, and from loopholes they had made opposite rolled them over like rabbits, driving them helter-skelter back again. Some 20 were killed, and but for the unsteadiness of the Italians who were assisting the Japanese the execution would have been greater. The Chinese were driven back, but the same evening they threw fireballs of petroleum over the wall and set fire to the building. Flames spread to the splendid main pavilion of the Palace. The Japanese in their turn were driven back, and the Christians escaping from the burning building overflowed from the Fu into all that quarter lying between the Palace grounds and Legation-street.

CHINESE TREACHERY.

On June 25 a truly Oriental method of weakening our defence was attempt-

ed by the Chinese. Up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon the shooting of rifles and field guns had been continuous, when suddenly bugles were sounded north, east, south and west, and as if by magic the firing ceased. It was under perfect control—Imperial control commanded by responsible central authority. The silence abruptly following the fusillade was striking. Then an official of low rank was seen to affix to the parapet of the North bridge near the British Legation a board inscribed with 18 Chinese characters:—"Imperial command to protect Ministers and stop firing. A despatch will be handed at the Imperial Canal Bridge." A placard whereon was written "Despatch will be received" was sent by one of the Chinese clerks employed in the Legation, but when he approached the bridge a hundred rifles from the Imperial Palace gate were levelled at him. The despatch was never received. The artifice deceived no one. Treachery was feared, vigilance was redoubled. Sandbags were thrown on positions which during fire were untenable. So that when at midnight the general attack was made upon us we were prepared and every man was at his post. The surprise had failed. As firing had ceased so it began. Horns were sounded, and then from every quarter a hail of bullets poured over us, sweeping through the trees and striking with sharp impact the roofs of the pavillions. No harm was done though the noise was terrific. Great steadiness was shown by the men. They lay quietly behind the sandbags, and not a shot was fired in reply. It was suggested as an explanation of this wild firing that the shots were to kill the guardian spirits which were known to hover over us. Similar fusillades took place at the American Legation and at the French Legation, and with the same result. During the armistice the Chinese had availed themselves of the quiet to throw up earthworks in the

Carriage Park alongside the British Legation, in the Mongol market between the British and Russian Legations, and at both ends of Legation-street facing the Americans on the west and facing the French Legation corner on the east.

COMPLETE ISOLATION.

Our isolation was now complete, and the enemy's cordon was constantly drawing closer. Every wall beyond the lines was loopholed. Not only was the besieged area cut off from all communication with the world outside Peking, but it was cut off from all communication with the Pel-tang. No messenger could be induced for love or money to carry a message there. Bishop Favler and his guards must have been already hard pressed, for they were exposed to the danger not only of rifle and cannon, but of fire and starvation. The small garrison detached from the guards was known to be inadequately supplied with ammunition. It was known however, that the danger of the situation had long been foreseen by Monseigneur Favler, who, speaking with unequalled authority, had, weeks before the siege, vainly urged his Minister to bring troops to Peking. When the crisis became inevitable and Christian refugees poured into the City, the Bishop endeavored to buy arms and ammunition, so there was a hope, though a faint one, that the Chinese themselves had assisted in the defence. So with stores. Large quantities of grain were stored in the Pel-tang, but whether sufficient for a siege for a garrison of 3,000 souls was not known. Their condition was a constant source of anxiety to the Europeans within the Legations, who were powerless to help them. Watch was kept unceasingly for any sign of the disaster that seemed inevitable—the massacre and the conflagration.

Towards evening of the 28th a Krupp gun was mounted in the Mongol market

not 300 yards from the British Legation, and fire was opened upon a storied building occupied by marines in the south court of the Legation. Fired at short range, the shells crashed through the roof and walls. For an hour the bombardment continued, but no one was injured, though a crack racing pony in the stables below was killed and next day eaten. It was determined to capture this gun, so in the early morning a force consisting of 26 British, ten Germans, ten Russians, five French and five Italians, and about 20 volunteers made a sortie from the Legation to try and capture the gun and burn the houses covering it; but the attempt was a fiasco. The men got tangled up in the lanes so that the reserve line with the kerosene marched ahead of the firing line; there was a Babel of voices, no one knew where to go, the captain lost his head and set fire to the houses in the rear, and the men retreated pell-mell. As the British marine described the operation:—"The capt'n, 'e sez, 'garn boys, garn, chawge boys, chawge,' against a bloomin' 'ouse wall, 'e waves 'is bloomin' arms in the air and then 'e sets fire to the 'ouse be'ind us!" This was a bungle. The Chinese, however, were alarmed and removed the gun. Meanwhile the French and German Legations had suffered heavily. The German Legation was especially exposed, and since the soldiers were, more than their allies, disdainful of cover, the small band, numbering originally only 50 men, was being daily reduced in numbers. Their commanding officer, Graf Soden, was untiring in his duty, working, as he had to do, single-handed.

ATTACK ON THE FRENCH LEGATION.

On the 29th the French Legation was hard pressed. One of their officers, the midshipman Herbert, was shot. Reinforcements were hastily sent from the Fu, and the attack was repulsed; but

some of the outer buildings of the Legation were burned, and the French had to retire further into the Legation. In this siege it was striking what a powerful part petroleum was made to play. Already the French Legation had suffered more severely than any other Legation; of their 45 men 16 had been killed or wounded. Krupp guns had been mounted not 50 yards to the eastward, and the eastern walls of the pavilions were being gradually and systematically battered into ruins. All day now and until the cessation of hostilities shells were pounding into the French Legation, into Chamot's hotel, and from the Chien Men on the wall promiscuously, everywhere. Much property was destroyed, but, though the shells burst everywhere and escapes were marvellous, few people were hit. Bullets whistled in the Legation compounds. Surgeon Lippett was talking to Mr. Conger in the American Legation when he was hit by a bullet that smashed the thigh bone. Had the bullet not struck the surgeon it would have hit the Minister. Mr. Pethick was sitting at a window of the American Legation fanning himself when a bullet pierced the fan. A civilian was wounded in the British Legation, and a marine, Phillips, was killed while walking in the compound. A fragment of shell fell on a patient inside the hospital.

A DAY OF MISFORTUNES.

The cordon was drawing closer. In the Fu nearly one-third of the buildings had been abandoned and the Japanese retired to a second line of defence. Shells were fired by the hundred. On the 29th 70 shells were thrown into the British Legation. The difficulty of holding the American and German barricades on the city wall was increasing. The positions were very much exposed. A Krupp gun was brought close to the American barricade. The Russo-Chinese Bank and all the buildings near were

occupied by Chinese troops, the walls being loopholed and lanes barricaded. And all were so close that you could not look through a loophole without being shot at. Yet the American barricade, with its mixed guard of Americans, Russians and British, had to be held at all hazards; otherwise the Krupp gun could be brought down the wall and play havoc upon the Legations, the furthest of which—the British—was at its nearest point not 400 yards distant. Still more exposed than the American barricade was the outpost on the wall held by the Germans. At first they had been reinforced by the French and Austrians, but the needs of the French Legation were equally pressing and the guards were withdrawn and a small picket of British sent to aid the Germans. Already the Germans had lost terribly, for the outpost was situated at a distance of 250 yards from the Legation and the reliefs were exposed throughout this distance to fire from a hundred snipers. One hundred yards in front of the German barricade was the Chinese barricade, picturesque with the banners of the army of Yung Lu. Here was mounted a Krupp gun, from which shells burst over the German barricade, seriously wounding two of the six British who were there on guard. On the same day that this happened two Germans on guard at the barricade were shot through the head stone dead, a third was shot through the head, but is still living—a marvellous recovery—a fourth was wounded in the face by a shell, a fifth was shot through the thigh in the same deadly corner. Two men going to relieve guard were shot by snipers, one slightly through the hand, the other fatally through the right leg—he died from tetanus 11 days later; while, to crown the misfortunes of the day, Corporal Robert Goelitz, who wore the war medal given him only last year for an act of heroism in the field at Klaochau, was shot through the head and

died instantaneously. Altogether this barrier on the wall cost in the one day four men killed and six wounded. During the night the position was held by eight Germans and three British. In the morning of July 1 the Chinese climbed up the ramp and surprised the guard. The order was hastily given to retire, and the picket, shaken by its losses of yesterday, left the wall. The German non-commissioned officer who gave the order was severely blamed for thus abandoning a position that he had been ordered to hold. Withdrawal left the Americans exposed in the rear. They saw the Germans retire, and in a panic fell back to the Legation, rushing pell-mell down the ramp. Nothing had occurred at the barricade itself to justify the retreat, although two men had fallen within a few hours before. Yet the wall was the key of the position and had to be maintained. A conference was held at the British Legation, and as a result orders were given to return to the post. Captain Myers at once took back a strong detachment of 14 Americans, ten British and ten Russians, and reoccupied the barricade as if nothing had happened. The Chinese, ignorant that the post had been evacuated, lost their opportunity.

Then the guard in the French Legation was driven a stage further back, and M. Wagner, a volunteer, was killed by the bursting of a shell. He was a young Frenchman of much courage and spirit, the Acting Postal Secretary in the Maritime Customs under Sir Robert Hart, with a career opening before him of much promise. The son of a former Consul-General at Shanghai, he was the first civilian to lay down his life in the defence of women and children in Peking.

A GALLANT SORTIE.

It was a day of misfortunes. In the afternoon the most disastrous sortie of the siege was attempted. A Krupp gun

firing at short range into the Fu (i.e., the Prince's Palace,) was a serious menace to our communications. Captain Paolini, the Italian officer, conceived the idea that he could capture the gun if volunteers could be given him and if the Japanese could assist. The Japanese under Colonel Shiba readily did so; they forced their way to a rendezvous agreed upon, losing one man killed and two wounded. Their sacrifice was fruitless; they waited, but the position being untenable, retired.

Meanwhile a party of 16 Italians, four Austrians, two Frenchmen, seven British marines and five British students, were led by Captain Paolini to the capture of the gun. He conceived that the gun was to the northeast of the Fu, to be reached by a lane running from Canal-street opposite the British Legation eastward. No one knew that this was his conception. One hundred yards up this lane there was a high Chinese barricade; the houses on the north side of the lane were held by the Chinese and loopholed. From a position occupied by Captain Poole's men in the Hanlin the lane could be enfiladed. They were therefore on watch, expecting that the Chinese were to be taken in the rear and driven down the lane into the canal. Close to the barricade there was a hole in the wall of the Fu from which a previous attempt had been made to enter the lane. The Italian captain was ignorant of the existence of this hole. Then, to the amazement of the British who were watching it from the Hanlin, the men were lined up under the wall opposite, and after waiting a little Captain Paolini called his men and dashed up the lane. Wildly

cheering, they followed him into the death-trap. By the rush they were able to advance some distance before fire was opened upon them. Then rifles from behind the barricade and from the loopholes broke forth. The column recoiled, the men fired wildly into the air, the captain's arm fell powerless, two Italians dropped dead. The men were turning to rush back when they saw the man-hole, and immediately the Italians and Austrians, who were leading, made a frantic dash for it and fought like wild beasts to burst their way through. One British marine, badly wounded, escaped back down the lane. The five British students, Russell, Bristow, Hancock, Flaherty and Townsend, acted with admirable self-possession. Projecting slightly into the lane on the opposite side from the man-hole was a house that gave just sufficient cover. There the men stood for shelter, for they were the last of the detachment. Then all the marines having got safely through, the students fired a volley into the barricade and one man rushed across, then the four fired and another rushed across. In this way all passed unscathed, until the last man, Townsend, who was struck just as he entered the hole by two bullets, one through the back of the shoulder, another through the thigh. The five young men acted like veterans. Bristow showed conspicuous coolness, for in his dash across he picked up a Lee-Metford rifle which a marine had let fall.

Thus by this ineffective sortie our small garrison was reduced by three men killed, one officer and four men and one volunteer wounded. Fortunately it was no worse.

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(To be continued.)

AFTER WILD GEESE IN MANITOBA.

A Canadian spring can be more changeable than an English summer. A month ago the ice had broken up in the river, the sun was scorching the wooden sidewalks, and the geese on their northward flight were making night hideous with their marching songs. The red gods were calling insistently, and three of us rolled up our blankets, packed our gun-cases and cartridge magazines, and started for one of the great lakes in pursuit.

A couple of hours in a hot railway car, an eight-mile drive through choking dust, and then the wind went round to the north, and we were glad to light the stove in the wooden shanty where we were to camp, and to drink tea, boiling, before we left for our shooting-ground. For a mile we splashed through the swamp, with water up to our knees, and, underneath, a hard floor of solid ice as firm and unyielding as marble, till suddenly through a fringe of bush we came out on the shores of a great frozen sea. Far away to the sky-line stretched the white desolate plain, sparkling and corruscating with gems innumerable, and still and silent as death. Two of us hid in the bush and the third went back to the swamp to "skirmish around" and try to stir up the ducks, while a thin spiral column of distant smoke from an Indian camp-fire was the only indication of human life we could see.

B-r-r-r! But it was cold! I was dressed in corduroy with a thick woolen jersey between coat and waistcoat, and the cutting wind, fresh from its clear sweep over those leagues of snow, seemed to search me through and through like a Röntgen ray. The other two men were better off, for they had invaded a small country store and carried off the last two pea-jackets in stock

—the very thing for wild-fowl shooting at this time of year. These garments are about the length of an ordinary covert-coat, and made in three layers; the outside being khaki-colored canvas; followed by a stratum of rubber like an ordinary black mackintosh and an inner lining of thick tweed. When you have fitted this up with a corduroy collar deep enough to turn up over your ears, and knitted wristbands which fasten close round your gloves, you have a garment that is rain-proof and wind-proof and cold-proof.

We waited there an hour, hearing an occasional shot from the swamp, and seeing, once in awhile, a small flock of duck overhead, too high to shoot; and then the sun sank low in the heaven, while the dazzling white expanse before me was sullied over with a flush of delicate rose, and on my left a blue-black line of trees stood out sharp and distant against the vaporous mother-of-pearl of the western sky. Then the sun went down, and far away to the north I could hear the shrill unearthly cries of the great divers, and of whooping-cranes—the wail of banshees and Valkyries and the baying of Gabriel's hounds.

If the geese had been flying as they ought, I should have missed it all, I suppose, and if it had not been so piercingly cold I should have appreciated it. As it was we were not sorry to turn home, shivering and hungry enough to steal the dog-biscuits from the big English retriever, whose coat is so thick and curly that his master has to pat him with a canoe paddle as a mark of approbation.

Next morning we harnessed the two rough Indian ponies, loaded up our box of painted sheet-iron decoys, and drove out on a voyage of discovery to find a suitable spot for planting them. Our

main difficulty lay in the fact that, since the sudden dip in the thermometer it was impossible to detect where these geese went to feed. We saw plenty of them, but they were always flying at about three times the height of the Eddystone lighthouse, and apparently going nowhere in particular. When we did select a spot and began to dig our hides, we struck solid ice at a depth of a couple of feet, and slowly the conviction began to dawn on us that we were too early in the season for a successful shoot. Still, we did the best we could, and leaving our decoys, with the hope that, if they served no other purpose, they might tempt some unwary sportsman into a long and arduous stalk, we departed for a stroll to the spot where we intend to build the ideal shooting-lodge of the great Northwest one of these days.

Past the Indian encampment where the squaws peered at us curiously and the bucks discouraged us by saying that the geese were scarce this spring, while the papooses sat by the fire and whittled blunt-headed arrows; skirting the great swamp that is all cut up into canals fringed with tall reeds, where you can shoot ducks in the fall from a canoe as you shoot pheasants in the rides through an English covert; over the marshy field that to-day is hard enough to walk on, but in September will be squashy, and cattle-poached, and alive with snipe; and then on to higher land, where last year's hay has been set alight for a square mile or two, and all the surface of the ground is a crackling "beard of fire."

Through a small belt of trees, and suddenly we might be in the midland counties. The farmhouse is as snug, and nearly as solid, as an English homestead; the wide champagne country that stretches away in front sets a man's fingers tingling when he bethinks him of how hounds would fly over it with a good scent; the buildings are substan-

tial and well-kept; and the owner of it all hospitable, cheery and as keen a sportsman as you want to meet. Then back to our shack where we smoke and try to read novels till we feel compelled to be out of doors again, and practice shooting at empty bottles in the creek with a rook-rifle until the evening flight begins.

At five o'clock we are back at our hides, and by carefully collecting sedge and hay and dead thorns, we manage to build an ambush that would probably deceive certain British officers, though we are a little doubtful about the geese. Indeed, the best way to delude them is to dig deep (which we are debarred from doing on account of the frost), and to dump the earth on a tarpaulin, which you drag over the stubble so as to scatter everything, and leave no surface indications of what you have been doing. An hour and a half in a cramped position, with your chin in close proximity to your knees, is not calculated to steady your aim; but you forget all that when the distant "honk-honk" suddenly strikes your ears and you spring to attention and strain your eyes into the blue distance. "They're high up," mutters the next gun, and then you catch sight of the black triangle that is moving so much faster than you think, and you crouch close with your finger on the trigger. Suddenly they see the decoys and set their wings, dropping slowly in ever narrowing circles and calling fitfully to their irresponsible friends below. Down they come, nearer and nearer, till at last they make up their minds and take a final low sweep into the wind. Three barrels ring out simultaneously, followed quickly by two more, and three geese drop fluttering to the ground. There is a quick startled up-rushing of wings, and the main flock is off at double the speed of an express train—except one who leaves his companions and flies away low at right angles, evi-

dently hard hit. A little later we get a couple more, and then—our chances for the day being over—we leave our hides in quest of the wounded bird. We hunt him for nearly half a mile, till he rises again from a bunch of reeds near the swamp and drops to the first barrel. And then home, not dissatisfied on the whole, but still sure that we shall have a better chance a week or so later.

That night the wind blew a gale from the north, and whistled through the thin planks of our shack, finding its way between the blankets and making us pull the buffalo robes close round our necks. About three o'clock we wake up and discuss the situation; whether it is worth while to take an hour's walk in the dark, and stand another hour in a new-made grave, exposed to this cutting wind, on the very problematic chance of getting another shot or two? Reluctantly we rise, get into our fur-coats, and open the door and step out. It is a wild night; the creek, which yesterday was running freely at our feet, is skimmed over with a coating of ice, the clouds are racing across the moon, and a slight flurry of snow looks as if it might develop into a blizzard ere day-break. So we look at one another till the man with the most moral courage of the three says decidedly, "I'm going back to bed," and in five minutes we are all asleep again.

Only a week later and summer has returned. A telephone message calls me over to a friend's house in the evening, and a glance at the smoking-room tells me the reason of the summons. He is seated in a chair with a brand-new gun-case, fresh from Bond Street, at his feet, and is fondly caressing the dark gleaming barrels; the floor is littered with strips of white cotton, and the sewing-machine is angrily working overtime in the corner. All his womenkind have been commandeered to make decoys for the snow geese or "waveys" as they

are locally called (from the Indian *wauca*, pronounced way-way—see "*Hiawatha*" *passim*), are reported to have arrived in their thousands. These birds are more easily beguiled than their gray cousins, the Canadian geese, and will even come down to pocket handkerchiefs artfully propped up on sticks, though we treat them with more respect and are stitching together ridiculous-looking bags, cut into the shape of the natural bird. Their necks, I am informed, are padded with sawdust or cork shavings, "the stuff they pack grapes in." There is a slit left in the middle of the belly, and when you get on to your ground you fill your bird up with hay, and at a few yards' distance he looks lifelike.

With some fifty or sixty of these we leave the next day for a new district altogether, whither a friendly farmer has called us by telegram—for the wavey is a capricious bird, and his stay in any one locality at this time of the year is uncertain. We drive fifteen miles, after leaving the railway station, before choosing a suitable spot for pitching our tent, and then camp near a lonely farmhouse about three miles from a vast swamp, and as near as we can guess to the line of flight. Our first evening is spent in selecting the place for our hides—digging them, which is hard work when the spade strikes solid ice at a depth of three feet; and stuffing our decoys with hay from the farmer's rick. Next morning we are up before daybreak, and endeavoring to make our ambush a little more artistic by strewing around dried sticks and dead leaves, and what a certain small girl with an extraordinary apprehension of the *mot juste*, once called "grubbage." It is a little cool before the sun is up, and our *chota hazri*, which consisted of buns washed down by a mixture of soda-water and ginger-ale from a tin cup, is filling but not warming. But once the day breaks the temperature rises quick-

ly, and an absurd mosquito even has the impudence to buzz round me, though he is not yet sophisticated enough to make an actual attack. The man next to me is reading a novel to prevent him from "brooding over a misspent life," as he explains, and the man beyond is eating an orange and throwing the peel impartially at the other two. And then, almost before we know it, a flock of two or three hundred is almost on the top of us. We are cowering down in our hides in an instant, and the great birds are circling lower and lower, with the sun flashing on their snow-white wings, fluttering and swooping in stately curves "like the angels in the last scene in 'Faust,'" as I heard a Canadian girl say. She, I may remark, knows what it is to be up at unholy hours in the morning and can hold a gun straight, and counts sunburn as naught in comparison with a good bag. When we return to breakfast we have more birds than we can carry in one trip, and an appetite that eggs and bacon, cooked in the farm kitchen, do not seem sensibly to affect. There is a girl, by the way, at this farm, who looks like Mrs. Langtry must have done at eighteen and who offers to help us to wash our plates and dishes. Usually this operation is abhorred by men in camp, and any excuse is seized on to defer it till the last moment, or to pass it off on some one else. But on this occasion we all develop a startling eagerness to undertake the work and to make a thorough job of it; while Mrs. Langtry's understudy superintends with much laughter, and her small brothers gratefully devour the stock of chocolate which we always carry on a shooting trip.

From the big lagoons in the distance we hear the constant fusillade of a party of unprincipled half-breeds, who are poking about in canoes and shooting at ducks, and we mentally anathematize the whole outfit, "*canots, canards, canaille.*" For the ducks have begun

to pair by now, and are very wild, and the firing scares them; and even though more birds are pricked than are actually killed, still they will be infertile for this season at all events; and finally, all shooting of ducks in the spring should be rigorously prohibited.

About five o'clock we return to our lairs. These have been dug along the boundary-line between two wheat fields, where in England there would be a hedge; but here there is simply a line of short scrub, a narrow strip of virgin prairie. The young wheat is beginning to thrust up its bladelets of bright green, in vivid contrast to the sun-baked soil. At home you would be praying for rain after such a prolonged drought as we have had; but the same frost that turns the edge of our spades in digging is thawing slowly out, and keeps the roots moist and fresh. I have just settled down comfortably with my cartridges handy at my feet, my gun alongside, and a mildly exciting novel to pass the time, when some one calls out, "Look what's coming!" and there—right in front of us—a huge dust storm, that darkens the whole horizon, is racing down like a hurricane. In a few seconds it is on us, and our decoys are throwing back somersaults towards the swamp at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour. They are, quite literally, turning heels over head backwards, and getting rid of their stuffing with acrobatic rapidity. Out we scramble after them, and the race that ensues would make even us laugh, if it were possible to open one's mouth without getting it full of grit; every time I stoop to make a dive at a ricochetting goose my eyes are blinded, and at last I trip and lose a whole armful of the wretched birds. Then I sit down helplessly, and try to recall some remarks I once heard from a mounted policeman during a lurid interval when our whipple-trees broke in fording a river. When we finally round them all up, we agree that they are the

most tired looking lot of geese we ever saw; their heads and necks hang helplessly to one side, some of them are too lean to stand upright, others plump in the wrong places, and all present an appearance of hopeless depravity.

My novel bores me, and I drop it on my knee and begin to dream of the day—not very distant, I hope—when there will be one or two English cavalry regiments regularly quartered somewhere on these vast prairies, doing mounted police work, and learning some of the lessons that cannot be taught by drill-sergeants. Send them out in detachments, let them carry their own food, and find their own way from Regina to Edmonton, say, without using the railway. If the British private stays out too late at night in a garrison town, he is punished by a few days' C.B.; but if he loses his way and fails to strike camp out here, he will go supperless to bed, and in the winter will stand a fair chance of freezing to death. Wherefore he bethinks him of the points of the compass and the direction in which the wind was blowing at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he watches to see whether a bird will swerve in its flight from those dark objects in the distance, and learns several other lessons on a due knowledge of which may depend, some day, the fate of himself, or a regiment, or an entire army. The penalties that Nature inflicts for errors of omission or commission are swifter and more obvious than those of Civilization—there is very little jam with your powder in the colonies. I have heard it maintained that Englishmen of the wealthier class have mastered the "art of living" better than any other nation under the sun. Of living easily, perhaps; but not of strenuous life, that must be learnt by experience, by storm and stress, and toil and hardship. One reason why Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, could not have written Shake-

speare's plays is, that he never had occasion to hold horses outside the Globe Theatre. The code of honor that is instilled into an English gentleman at the public school and the 'Varsity is a high one, and he may not swerve from it by one jot or one tittle and keep his self-respect. But he will be a wiser though perhaps not a better man, when he has learnt that many there be who disregard it altogether, and more who will stand aloof and watch, with a half-amused smile, the deliberate misuse of the white flag. The men who sit at home at ease, and elaborate rules of conduct in an armchair at a study table, do not realize how young the old world really is, and how primitive the passions that sway it. The days of universal peace and the final triumph of the industrial régime are still very far off; and some of the counsels of perfection that used to seem so conclusive and unanswerable now provoke a smile—they are so irresistibly suggestive of Mrs. Sarah Battle teaching a man how to play poker in a mining camp. How clearly you see the trees fringing that river bank a couple of miles away; and how cool the water looks on the sunburnt prairie! And yet there is no river—only a mirage, and . . .

Waveys! and all my moralizing is blown to the winds, as I squirm over close to the dry black earth and slip the cartridges into my gun. "I'm afraid they're too high to decoy," whispers the next man, and I twist over on my back, and stare straight above me. Here they come in hundreds, if not in thousands, string after string, flung out far across the zenith, so many of them that they seem to have got confused and forgotten their drill, for they are flying in all sorts of formations, from the blunt arrow-head to the Egyptian cartouche; once they have managed to break all rules, and are moving in an almost perfect circle. There are too many of them and they are too high up to deign to

stoop to the decoys; but the sight alone is worth coming out here to see, and you hug yourself in silent ecstasy as the great host passes overhead. The clamor and clang of them is like marching music, and fills you with a strange yearning to follow the wild triumphal flight to its summer home in the Arctic Circle.

A little later and another army passes over in the same way, and then, after an interval, a small belated "gaggle" who are evidently hungry for their supper and promptly accept the insidious invitation offered by the dilapidated dummies in front of us, who appear to be reeling home from a prolonged debauch. They sink suddenly, with much angry cackling, till they are almost on the ground within a dozen yards of us, and then whirl together, with a rattling of pinions and speed out of sight, leaving five of their number behind to pay the penalty of unpunctuality.

Then we collect our spoil and pick out the most consumptive-looking of the decoys to carry home, so that we may stuff their ribs with fresh hay, and start for camp and supper.

There is no medicine in the world like this fresh prairie air, stimulating as dry champagne, and we sit round an artfully constructed packing-case and devour bacon and boiled eggs, using cartridge boxes with holes punched in the lid for egg-cups, and throwing the shells at the irate old turkey gobbler, who is perched up on an empty wagon, and swearing vigorously at us for keeping him awake. Then we carry our dinner-service to the farm kitchen, where the whole family is assembled, and talk and smoke and wash up. For real, genuine hospitality, that which is at ease itself

and sets the guest at ease too, you have to visit the highest types of barbarians—great gentlemen *de par le monde*, or dwellers in the wilderness. These people chatted of themselves and their doings with perfect simplicity and kindness; and our host proudly produced his best gun, which must have weighed some twenty-five pounds, explaining that he had sawn a foot or so off the barrel to enable him to use it from the shoulder, and told us how he had first loaded it with a cartridge-case full of old black powder that had been put away on a shelf for years, and what execution it had done at twenty yards, and how—thinking to improve on this—he had bought a new nitro-powder in the nearest town, with the result that he upset his canoe and nearly drowned his companion, and was unable to use his right arm for over two weeks. And the children listened round-eyed, till they were summarily carried off to be washed and put to bed.

Next day we returned to civilization and railway stations, hearing, as was inevitable, that if we had chosen any other camping-ground in the province we should have counted our slain by hundreds, and that the local Nimrod had passed through the previous day with a stack of geese as big as a barn and ducks innumerable. But we have had a long acquaintance with that local Nimrod, and know that he hath a nimble fancy, and can lie like Othello when occasion arises, so that we pay small heed to the tale of his exploits, and bury ourselves in the newspaper to learn what is going on in South Africa. Then home, where the guns are put away, sadly and tenderly, until next September.

G. Hanbury Williams.

A SOLUTION OF THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

"As the eye of a maid unto her mistress;" so runs the ancient phrase with its pleasant suggestion of a time when the Domestic Problem was not, and its happy hint at a relationship which needed not the flattering unction of a *Miss*. "The mere fact of the prefix," says Mrs. Major in the August number of this Magazine,¹ "will induce an entirely different tone into the relations between employer and employed;" "the word 'servant' must be completely abolished;" "in place of servants we must have house *employées*;" and should this fall then are there other and yet more drastic remedies proposed, from the maids being relieved of their caps to the masters being deprived of their dinners, in order to avert the revolution which Mrs. Major perceives to be impending in our daily lives.

Now at the outset we must confess to doubting not only and wholly Mrs. Major's solutions, but even to being skeptical about her problem. At the confidential times, mostly over the tea-cups, when thrilling experiences are interchanged anent the iniquities of men-servants and of maid-servants, we find ourselves generally in the embarrassing position of Canning's needy, but classical, knife-grinder: we have no story to tell. To us has not been revealed what Mrs. Major declares to be clear to all heads of households, the knowledge, namely, that we are on the brink of a revolution, owing to the impossibility of finding female servants. Little difficulty have we ever found in getting servants, and none at all in keeping them; and our establishment is of the modest and middle-class sort under review, consisting (in facts, if not in theories, it is well to be exact) of four female servants who have plenty of

work and moderate wages. Let us hope that this experience, one stretching now to some thirty years and into the second generation of a happy similar experience, may give us the right of criticising Mrs. Major's melancholy problem, and of suggesting other than her somewhat comic solutions.

Mrs. Major's panaceas are certainly of a revolutionary sort, and most startling perhaps is her calm proposal for the abolition of "the elaborate meal known as late dinner." It will not in future be possible, thinks this ardent reformer, who seems less regardful of husbands and of incomes than of cooks, to have two dinners a day cooked in the same house; in towns one of these meals will have to be taken at a restaurant. "No people," she continues, rising almost into poetry (it certainly transcends any reasonable prose interpretation) "no people who call themselves educated will ever consent to choose an occupation which entails spending their lives, day after day, in washing up dishes at a scullery sink." Surely this is a somewhat fanciful description of a middle-class cook or even of a kitchen-maid! We seem to recall a more cheery view of the profession. "Cookery," says Ruskin, "means much tasting and no wasting; it means carefulness and inventiveness and watchfulness and willingness and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists; it means English thoroughness, and French art and Arabian hospitality." The everyday truth in everyday households may hover between these two ideals, but undoubtedly every cook, even the most commonplace, is, in her way, a bit of an artist with a reasonable joy in her art; and every kitchen-maid is an apprentice to that art with

¹ The Living Age, Sept. 8, 1900.

a possible blue ribbon gleaming among the saucepans, and a very real (though not necessarily blue) one adorning her hat. And if in sad fact no fringe is permitted for the bright ribbon to rest on, the "petty jealousy" or the "contemptible tyranny" manifest to Mrs. Major in such and similar rules is assuredly not clear to us. Fringes and furbelows unlimited are by some mothers and mistresses denied to their daughters as well as to their dependants. Neither is it, to us, demonstrated that because "the most difficult servants to find are cooks and kitchen-maids and the least difficult house-maids" that "therefore it is clear that work that goes on all day and far into the night is less attractive than that which is over tolerably early in the day." Is all work, save the cook's, over early in the day? What then of the baths and the bed-rooms, the lamps and the waiting at table and the washing up of silver and glass? And at the worst, it is well to remember that it is not a case of always and uninterrupted washing-up of dishes at the scullery-sink. If it be permitted to us also to rise into poetry, we would urge that

No one is so accursed by fate
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own,

and occasionally asks him, the master at least, out to dinner when the mistress's washing-up requirements would probably be limited to an egg-cup or so. Does not the reason of the extra difficulty, in so far as it exists, lie rather in the fact that skilled labor is always comparatively rare? Cooks are not so fortunate as poets in being born, and it is a matter of elementary knowledge that of the consequently necessary making, cooks take far more than housemaids. Three months of training may inform an intelligent girl how to dust a room and how to keep her

hands off her master's papers; but the like number of years, added to the intelligence, will hardly produce a tolerable sauce.

It is not only our dinners, however, that Mrs. Major would abolish, but the nick-nacks in our drawing-rooms, and the "unnecessary silver" on our side-boards, to save the dusting, the cleaning, and the polishing. Now, in so far as such civilized adjuncts to the scullery-sink are, as Mrs. Major declares them to be, "not merely useless, but absolutely senseless,"—and we confess to no great love for the modern travesty of museums which we find in some drawing-rooms—by all means let them go; and, with a pang certainly, but yet contentedly, sooner than see it tarnished, we might even consent, as exhorted, to substitute glass or earthenware for every bit of our cherished silver, except spoons and forks. But, is such heroism really called for? Even the small establishments which make a brave display of metal under the name of plate, as Mrs. Major somewhat contemptuously puts it, need not, we would submit, make their side-boards bare and reduce their drawing-rooms to six chairs and a sofa *en suite*, so long as they own a daughter, and that daughter owns a bicycle. For the energy which uses so willingly the rag and the oil-can, might surely be diverted occasionally to the dusting-brush and the plate-leather, and so save part of the situation; although, in our experience, the silver and the nick-nacks are no stumbling-blocks, servants finding in the care of the pretty things and in the management of the flowers a relief to the monotony of the work which Mrs. Major elsewhere complains of. A peril to our pockets is likewise insisted upon. "The question of expense," says Mrs. Major, "will also very soon become a serious matter. . . . we shall have to pay from £35 to £50 a year for any trained servant." But as some set off to any special fears on this head, we

seem to have heard that the rate of wages in all classes, from the agricultural laborer upwards, has considerably increased in the last twenty years. And soothing statistical echoes seem to have followed concerning a considerable cheapening of clothes, and of, perhaps, sugar, and some other things which are supposed to have set the balance straight again, and which at least suggest a possibility of "saving in something else." But all this seems a matter for experts to make long, contradictory and convincing rows of figures about, and is at any rate quite beyond the powers of the present writer. That money, however, is not the only, nor perhaps always the first consideration with servants, that tact and kindliness (to say nothing of regularly paid wages) reckon with them as make-weights against hard work and "monotony," she ventures respectfully to offer to Mrs. Major as a fact gleaned from her own modest experience of house-keeping.

The "monotony of the work," and "the want of stated hours and days which each individual can employ as she likes," give yet other occasion for Mrs. Major's misplaced and mischievous sympathy. Now, except that the hours are not fixed, and from the nature of the case cannot be, the servants in every properly regulated house have fully as many hours at their disposal as have girls in a shop or a factory. Many mistresses give to each one of their servants once a year a week or a fortnight's holiday: some invite a servant's young sister or old mother to spend a few days to see the sights in town; and in all establishments the alternate Sunday out, with an evening at least once a week, is an institution. Often, too, comes the pleasure of the unexpected in the form of extra leisure when the family, or some members of it, dine out, or leave town on a few days' visit.

As regards the monotony, is not all

work monotonous, if we choose to call it by that name instead of regular? The ordering of dinners equally with the cooking of them, (and some masters of households will say with the eating of them) is monotonous. We know a lady who says that the imagination which has gone to the composition of *menus* might have produced novels. We know that family, and we have eaten those dinners, and in adding up results, so many undoubtedly good meals against so many problematically good novels, we are decidedly of opinion that those unwritten masterpieces are not to be regretted.

And, monotony for monotony, is even the every day "washing-up of dishes at a scullery-sink" a worse task, or a more wearisome one, than the everyday feeding of a machine, or the rolling of cigarettes, or the standing for long hours behind a counter? One instance at least is known to the writer where the prospect of any such promotion utterly failed to fire ambition. The tempted one was a parlor-maid of a particularly superior sort, whose talents a modern reformer considered were literally hidden under a napkin. With the mistress's permission, a situation of the well-paid assistant-class was offered to this young woman, and, "No, I thank you, Madam, I prefer this intellectual atmosphere," was the very startling answer which that well-intentioned lady received. Except that one member of the family wrote extremely minor verse, the atmosphere in which this appreciative parlor-maid waited was by no means remarkably intellectual; and yet, if we come to think of it, save for the phrasing, which she may have caught from the poet, there was nothing really to startle one, or indeed very surprising in the reply. To any ordinary young person of the class from which servants are recruited the protected life and refined ways in a well-arranged and cultivated household must surely be an experience as pleas-

ant as it is new; and the rules which guard its safety and its strangeness can be no more tiresome to such a young woman than are the rules which obtain in every place,—office, shop, ship or barracks—which “the young men of her circle,” to borrow Mrs. Major’s phrase, obey without a grumble. To many rules and regulations does Mrs. Major take exception, but she finds “a sort of insult to the women” in what she says is in many houses a fixed rule that no servant should go out without special permission; and such a rule, she adds, “could only mean that she was not considered fit to be trusted out by herself.” We utterly fail to see the fact, the inference or the hardship. An intimation to the head of a household when any member of it is likely to be out for some hours, in some cases a civil request for leave of absence, is, we take it, a usual courtesy, whether such member be a servant or merely son, daughter or guest. Does a clerk go out of the office without a word to his chief, or an assistant leave the shop, or a soldier the barracks, or a sailor his ship? And where is the tyranny, the “contemptible tyranny,” to be exact, more evident in requiring women servants to dress neatly, to wear the pretty costume, or livery, if you like to call it so, of white cap and apron, than in requiring hall-porters, railway-porters, not to speak of courtiers and hospital-nurses, after their fashion, to do the like? “The obligatory wearing of caps is more deeply resented,” says Mrs. Major, “than most employers perhaps realize.” But as a matter of fact, the cap and apron, “*the badge of the slavery*,” (Mrs. Major gives it the pathos of italics) is worn by the “young ladies” of the restaurant, and by them, seemingly, is not resented. These latter have, it is true, the distinction and compensation of the coveted prefix; but is it not conceivable that addressing the inmates of our

households less formally may be a result of the familiarity and friendship which such nearer relations naturally induce, rather than a sign of the “social inferiority” which Mrs. Major discovers and denounces in it?

“Only the girls who are too badly educated for other employments will go out as servants,” says this dangerous advocate. It is possible for even authorities to differ a little over what should be understood by the phrase “badly educated;” but probably in the sense in which Mrs. Major unwittingly uses the phrase her contention is true. Over-taught and under-educated folks (which synonym perhaps may serve for “badly-educated”) mistake their capabilities for a good many callings. “We have practically succeeded hitherto,” says Mrs. Major, “in keeping a certain proportion of our country-women in a state of quasi-slavery.” And if this scolding does not convert us to better ways, a “lesson that will be in every way an advantage to the community,” a lesson that it might be unkind to call obvious, follows. “Though wealth,” continues our Mentor, “gives a larger purchasing power, it does not justify its possessors in any interference with the privileges and happiness of their less wealthy fellow-citizens.” And that’s true too, as Gloucester says about another matter, yet we remain unmoved; no “lesson” can we discern, no “advantage” can we discover, in exaggeration or in platitude. As sober serious fact, all life is service, and the lamented “want of leisure to employ as one likes,” is most certainly not a want limited to the class of female servants. Neither can we see that this especial form of service could be in the smallest degree lightened by turning it into French, and calling servants “house employes.” Each of us, in our degree, contributes to the social fabric; if this desk of ours were not dusted, we could not write at it; and if his bed

were not made and his breakfast not ready for him, the Prime Minister himself could not do his work. The loving service of domestic servants is as essential to the general well-being of the State as is that of the soldier or the sailor, and a wise discipline of rules and regulations is as needful to maintain it.

"The result of universal education," says Mrs. Major, "is clearly to produce a feeling of equality." It may be; it would be only one of the results which universal education, of the Tom Folio sort, has to answer for. "A universal scholar," was Tom Folio, according to Addison "so far as the title-page of all authors." A good many of the universally educated in these days, one fears, would answer to that description of scholarship, and, more's the pity, claim "equality" on the strength of it. To our mind, claim, grant and grounds for it are all alike false. There is no such thing as equality in that odious and untruthful form of pretence that every one is as good as every one else. It is just the inequalities in character and circumstances that give opportunity for each one of us to be helpful to the other. Servants are essential parts of every household, and that the work of all,—brain-work, hand-work and statecraft—may go on smoothly, servants, equally with master and with mistress, must do their share of the work at stated times and with due discipline. Calling our cooks and housemaids "young ladies," remitting the discipline and reforming the dress, will not further these ends; but showing them how their neat, deft, efficient service helps to great issues may do so. One lady of our acquaintance never allows her servants to wait at table, and another, carrying the folly to a more severe sequence, has them to dine with her when she is alone. The latter plan is perhaps the more logical, and succeeds better in making servants and mistress

alike uncomfortable; but both ladies equally degrade the ideal and the practice of service, which, do what we will, is universal, and, do what we can, is inspiring.

For in truth, the difficulty is not one for heroic remedies; and the solution of Mrs. Major's problem is, like so many other solutions, so simple that it is apt to be overlooked. It is decidedly a case for treatment by the small streams that flow unnoticed at our feet, rather than for desperate plunges into big and distant rivers. We are not, in sober fact, called upon to give up our dinners, to denude our drawing-rooms of their nick-nacks and our sideboards of their silver, still less to contemplate having one's entire household suddenly composed of Chinese or Indians. To avert the very beginning of such a revolution it is only necessary that *Mesdames les maitresses le commencent*.

Of a verity, none of the evils enumerated by Mrs. Major, no one of the troubles in getting servants, no one of the troubles in keeping them, exists, where the mistress of the house understands her share in the duties thereof. It is the mistress, far more often than her servant, who is incompetent, and who lacks the preparatory training. Gracious household ways are a homely lore which High Schools do not teach, and which Colleges stifle. Eyes lifted from a book to strain on a bicycle, are not the sort of eyes on which a maiden pleasantly or profitably waits. The woman who looks well to the ways of her household, looks neither wearily nor worryingly, neither spasmodically nor microscopically. Neither can the mistress who, to parody a famous phrase, "gives up to a platform what was meant for the hearth" fairly expect to be equally effective in both departments. That eloquent sort, however intense their perorations on the subject of service, will never keep servants and rarely engage the right ones.

The very finest of theories imply the possession of brains, and by the time the theories (there are so many of them nowadays and all first-rate) have all been assimilated, sorted and sent out in circulars, the brains of the gifted speakers and the enthusiastic listeners alike must be a little too tired and too irritable to apply the theories judiciously at home. These energetic ladies seem sometimes to lack the sense of perspective; the needs of the near are lost in the dues of the far, and the little things which really matter flit away in their rapt contemplation of the big things that do not. For the laws of health and of economics, if our modern women would only believe it, do not depend upon their speeches or even upon their pamphlets, but very much indeed upon the quiet, unhasting, unresting, every day supervision by every mistress of her own household. No mistress endowed with mother-wit, which is worth a good many competitive degrees in wisdom, expects perfection, even though she may have to pay from thirty-five to fifty pounds a year for it. She distrusts even her own perfectness, and while she cultivates on some occasions a

little deafness and blindness, on others she stimulates her perceptions. She knows not only if the chimney smokes, but if the lover does; which as a joke perhaps is feeble, but as a suggestive factor in the situation, very strong indeed. Mrs. Major thinks that wherever practicable a system of allowance should be adopted for overtime, and of board-wages as "tending to reduce friction." With that same object some practically-minded mistresses of our acquaintance have introduced a rather different sort of allowance, the unwritten rule that every servant should be allowed an occasional temper. It may be a lover, or it may be a liver, lumbago, or just a flit of the blues that makes the quick step lagging, the deft hand awkward, the polite response lacking; why should it not pass without a reproof, or with a kind enquiry, perhaps, later on? It does seem a little inadequate, we are conscious of it, as a solution to so terrifying a problem; but nevertheless our experience and our conscience compel us to the endorsing of Lewis Carroll's opinion, that "a little kindness, and putting her hair in papers, would do wonders."

Macmillan's Magazine.

A. Grandmother.

MY GARDEN.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Ferned grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace; and yet the fool
 Contends that God is not—
 Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

T. E. Brown.

SOME RECENT CONFIRMATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The last sixty years have witnessed the rapid growth of two sciences which have commanded the devotion of some of the most notable explorers and scholars of our time. Another remarkable feature which these twin sciences—Egyptology and Assyriology—have in common is the timeliness of their advent. They have intervened at a moment when they alone are able to decide some of the most radical questions which have ever been raised in regard to the claims of the Bible.

We are reminded once more of this by the late meeting of Orientalists in their Twelfth Congress, held at Rome in October last. Dr. Jastrow (of Philadelphia) read a paper on the name of Samuel. This has long formed a difficulty for expositors, for of the suggestions which have been made as to its derivation and meaning none has been entirely satisfactory. The margin of our Bibles gives the meaning of the word as "asked of God." But this would have been *Sha-ul-el* or *Sa-ul-el*, and not Samuel. The reader will notice, for one thing, that the *m* in Samuel is not accounted for by this derivation. Where did that *m* come from? Other explanations have attempted to answer that question, but have only succeeded in raising other questions that are equally formidable. One of these is that Samuel is *Shem-el* ("the name of God"). This, however, has found few supporters, and one reason is that, while accounting for the *m*, it gives no explanation of another letter—the letter *u*.

The explanation which has met with the largest amount of favor is that Samuel means "heard of God." The name would in this case be derived from the Hebrew word *Shama*, "to hear," and the derivation would ac-

count quite satisfactorily for the *m*. But there is a fatal objection to this explanation also. One important letter in the verb "to hear" finds no place in the name. This was understood well enough by the scholars who suggested the explanation. They knew that it was not wholly satisfactory; but they offered it as the best which we were likely to have. But it is a safe rule never to prophesy unless you know. Dr. Jastrow finds an old Semitic word which casts an unexpected but welcome light upon the difficulty. It is found in the Assyrian, a language so closely allied to the Hebrew that these two tongues seem rather to be different dialects of the same language than two distinct languages. It appears in Assyrian names, and means "son." It is the word *Sumu*. Samuel is *Sumu-el*, and means "God's son." How beautiful a light does this cast upon Hannah's spirit and on the words: "She called his name Samuel, saying, Because I have asked him of the Lord" (I Samuel i. 20). So full was her gratitude to Him who had heard her cry and rolled away her reproach that she devoted her child from his very birth to God. His very name would mark her surrender. She called him "God's son."

While illustrating and confirming many of the statements of Scripture, Egyptologists and Assyriologists pursue their inquiries in a spirit of entire independence. This is seen, for example, in their chronology, which stretches far beyond those limits of human history which are indicated in the Bible. It is well to remember, however, that Egyptian chronology rests merely upon inferences, and that the Assyrian in its higher reaches has also an insufficient basis. Where guesses have in any

measure to do duty for dates there is reason for caution, for there are few things so deceptive as time. Three hundred years put down in figures seem a trifle. But when we measure that interval across the history of our own country, and find ourselves set down among the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth; when we note the vast hosts of events that fill the space between then and now, when we mark the social and political changes, the birth of science and of the arts, that have transformed our land, the insignificance of the interval vanishes. Three hundred years are seen to cover an area of the vastness of which the mere figures give us no idea. Time, to be rightly measured, requires translation into events.

Another incident of the Congress reminds us of this necessity for caution. It appears that the date of an Egyptian king is now determined by astronomy. Dr. Borchardt, of Cairo, was the author of the paper, which, in his absence, was read to the Congress by the well-known Egyptologist, Dr. Erman. A number of ancient papyrus manuscripts were discovered at Kahun in the winter of 1898. They are now in the Berlin Museum. They appear to have been the archives of an Egyptian temple, and among them is a kind of day-book, in which the priests set down any event which they judged to be worthy of special note. Fortunately one of these was the fact that the star Sothis—known to us as Sirius—was for the first time upon the horizon at daybreak on the sixteenth year of the eighth month in the seventh year of Usertesen III, a king of the Twelfth Dynasty. This enabled Dr. Borchardt to fix the date by a series of astronomical calculations, and he has announced that the seventh year of Usertesen III, must have fallen between the years 1876 and 1872 B.C.

Hitherto the earliest date in history which is absolutely fixed in this way

has been the battle of Halys, fought in 600 B.C. It was recorded that an eclipse of the sun happened at the same time as the battle, and as eclipses have their laws, the date was able to be determined. Dr. Borchardt claims that the place of honor must now be given to the seventh year of Usertesen III, which he describes as the earliest absolute date in history. Its bearing, however, upon what passes at present as ancient Egyptian chronology makes it still more remarkable. Dr. Flinders Petrie is by no means extreme in his dates; but he has said that the latest date at which we can place the reign of this same King Usertesen III, is 2622 B.C. But unless some serious flaw can be discovered in Dr. Borchardt's calculations, even this moderate chronology must be brought down more than eight centuries!

But the surprise of the Congress was an Aramæan manuscript which had been transcribed and translated by Dr. Euting. It is dated in the twenty-sixth year of a King Darius. Dr. Oppert and other Orientalists are of opinion that the manuscript is earlier than 500 B. C. This, if correct, would take us back to an earlier Darius than Darius Hystaspes, the earliest Darius known at present to profane history, and would give us the first indication outside the Bible of Darius the Mede. The sensation made by this discovery will be understood when it is remembered that few archaeologists ever expected to hear anything of that Darius. The matter used to be passed over lightly; but behind the silence was the conviction that no monarch of the name had reigned at that time in Media and had finished his career in Babylon. And yet there were some significant facts which, in that case, demanded explanation. For two years after his capture of the great city, Cyrus, Lenormant tells us, is never called "King of Babylon." It is during these very years that the Book of Daniel informs us Darius the Mede filled

the Babylonian throne. If that is correct, then the absence of the title from the monuments of Cyrus is fully explained. Another remarkable fact is that the court customs of the Persians in Babylon were Median, and that the Median robe was worn by the Persian kings. If the first king of the new dominion had been a Mede, this could be understood. He would naturally transfer the customs of the old to the new dominion.

But that was not the only matter which promises to make the discovery of this old Aramæan letter memorable. There is nothing about which our advanced school is more confident than that the Book of Daniel is not history. They regard it as one of the most unassailable of conclusions that it is a bit of religious fiction intended to strengthen the pious Jews who were struggling to defend their faith about the year 168 B.C. It was startling therefore, to find this Aramæan manuscript, written at the very time in which Daniel lived, making mention of some of the personages referred to in that supposed fiction. We shall no doubt hear more by-and-by of this matter; but at present it is plain that the last word has not yet been spoken on the truth and the canonicity of the book of Daniel.

This is also plain from another recent discovery. The newly recovered Hebrew text of the apocryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus has been issued by Dr. Schechter, Talmudic Reader to the University of Cambridge. In that Hebrew text, written at least some thirty-two years before 168 B.C., Dr. Schechter sees three references to passages in the Book of Daniel; and as Ben Sira, the writer of Ecclesiasticus, makes no pretension to the gift of prophecy, the plain inference is that he found "Daniel" already in existence and already forming part of the Bible. But this important discovery takes us much further. Attempts have been made to

lower the dates of Biblical Books and to sweep away the notion that, for centuries before the coming of our Lord, the Jews possessed and revered the Old Testament as we possess and revere it now. The writer of the Books of Chronicles lived, we are told, about the year 300 B.C.; and many of the Psalms, it is also affirmed, were not composed till the times of the Maccabees, and are not earlier than 160 B.C.

Psalms xlv., lxxiv., and lxxix., are widely acknowledged as belonging to that time. It is quite clear that, if these late productions found an easy entrance into the sacred collection at so late a period, our notions as to the early closing of the canon, and, indeed, as to there being any real guardianship whatever of the Old Testament Books, must be largely modified.

But it was long felt that if the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus could be recovered light would be shed upon these questions. The language of the Book, too, it was believed, would help to determine the age of these Psalms, of Ecclesiastes, of Daniel, and of Chronicles. For if the Hebrew of Ben Sira was manifestly the Hebrew of a much later period, then there must have been a considerable interval between his time and that in which those Biblical Books were written. When, therefore, on May 13, 1896, Dr. Schechter detected among a bundle of fragments, brought by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson from the south of Palestine, a time-worn leaf of the ancient apocryphal book, there was immediate recognition of the importance of the discovery. But this was only the first of a series of surprises. When the fragment was published, nine other leaves were found in the Bodleian Library among manuscripts which had been procured through Professor Sayce. Shortly afterwards other leaves were found by Dr. Schechter; and so one discovery followed another till last year nearly the whole of the original text was re-

covered with the exception of the two first chapters.

The result has surpassed expectation. The date of Ben Sira's book cannot be placed later than 200 B.C. The theory about Maccabean Psalms has consequently received its *quietus*; for these Psalms are actually quoted and referred to some forty years before they were supposed to be in existence! For another thing Ben Sira knows nothing of "two Isalahs. He quotes from the latter part of the prophecy in the full assurance that it is from the same pen as the first. "From the end of chap. xlviii," says Dr. Taylor, the master of St. John's, Cambridge, "it was sufficiently obvious that he credited one author with the Book of Isalah as a whole; but the Hebrew was wanted to show that in speaking of 'exactness of balance and weights' (chap. xlii. 4) he appropriated a phrase from Isalah xl. 15: 'The nations are counted as the small dust of the balance.'"¹ There are distinct references also to Ecclesiastes, another supposed "late book," of the Bible. There are five references to 1 Chronicles and four to 2 Chronicles.

The discovery of this long-lost original is certain to make a powerful impression upon present controversies. It puts back the Biblical Books beyond the late period to which speculation had assigned them. Dr. Schechter states it as the conclusion at which sound scholarship must arrive, "that at the period in which Ben Sira composed his 'Wisdom,' classical Hebrew was al-

ready a thing of the past, the real language of the period being that Hebrew idiom which we knew from the Mishnah and the cognate Hebrew literature." There are also plain indications that there was an utter absence of that intermeddling with Scripture which it is the present fashion to attribute to writers of Ben Sira's time and of the time of the Maccabees. "The literary ambition of that age did not," says Schechter, "as the Wisdom of Ben Sira clearly shows, presume either to write Scripture or to add to it; it was content with studying the inspired documents of the past, interpreting them, and imitating them." Indeed, every page of Ecclesiasticus, I might say with truth every sentence, proves this. Dr. Taylor says: "In diction as in thought our author is a sedulous imitator of the Hebrew Scriptures. The words which he uses are not all his own, his work being more or less a tissue of old classical phrases, like a modern school composition in a dead language." These phrases are culled from almost every part of the Old Testament, "and what is of special importance" (I again quote Dr. Schechter), the list of Ben Sira's quotations from the Scripture "covers all the books or groups of the Psalms. In fact, the impression produced by the perusal of Ben Sira's original on the student who is at all familiar with the Hebrew Scriptures is that of reading the work of a post-canonical author, who already knew his Bible and was quoting it."²

John Urquhart.

The Sunday Magazine.

A FAMILY HEIRLOOM.

A STORY OF 1715.

"Indeed, madam, 'twere better to let it go; sure the money 'twill fetch is sorely enough needed."

The speaker was a stout, matronly-

looking woman, attired in the mob-cap and quilted petticoat familiar to us in Hogarth's pictures; for it was the year 1715—that fatal winter which witnessed

¹ The Wisdom of Ben Sira. p. ix.

² Pp. 25, 26.

the final discomfiture of the Jacobite rising under the Earl of Mar, on which the dubious success of Sherrifmuir had cast an illusory ray of hope. As in the later "rising" in 1745 the Jacobite forces had triumphantly advanced into England; but timid counsels had prevailed in 1715, as they did in 1745; the invaders had halted and hesitated in their progress, thus giving time for their own ill-disciplined forces to melt away, while the Government organized an army against them. On November 12 was fought the decisive battle of Preston, which shattered the hopes of the adherents of the House of Stuart for a generation to come.

The gaols and even the churches of Preston were crowded with the unfortunate adherents of the lost cause; prisons which the majority of the captives only exchanged for the scaffold, or the more lingering doom of "transportation to the Plantations."

The country town of Preston had, indeed, been the scene of unwonted excitement during the past few weeks, firstly owing to its occupancy by the Jacobite forces under General Foster, and then by the capture of the town by General Carpenter; the Jacobite troops, surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, being at length forced to surrender unconditionally, and to suffer for their misguided zeal.

Ronald Glenallen, a young Highland laird, had, like many of his fellow-countrymen, joined the "rising" rather from a sense of loyalty to his family chief than from any passionate attachment to the cause of King James, who was indeed a far less important personage to many a Highland Jacobite than was the revered "head of the clan"—a fact plainly evinced by the conduct of the Frasers in this very campaign; who, though they had cheerfully marched to join Mar's standard at the bidding of one of their chiefs, retired from the Jacobite army with equal celerity when

the "actual head of the clan . . . the heir male, recalled them by his mandate."

Living peacefully upon his little Highland estate, happy in the society of his fair young wife and children, Ronald Glenallen would never have joined himself to Mar's disastrous expedition save at the bidding of his chieftain, whose commands were sacred to young Glenallen, as to every other member of the clan. Sir Walter Scott (in "Waverley") has truly depicted the blind, passionate attachment which bound the Highlanders of the last century to their hereditary chiefs. Therefore, when the "Flery Cross," sent round in the autumn of 1715, reached the peaceful Highland glen, Ronald hesitated not to promptly obey its commands; and Lillas, his wife, though she parted from him with bitter tears, did not attempt to dissuade him from the expedition.

The autumn wore away into winter; and tidings came slowly to Scotland of the result of Mar's enterprise. Lillas and her children had removed to Edinburgh, to be nearer gaining intelligence of the results of the campaign; and also—so Ronald had said when he departed—to welcome the return of the victors. But few of the gallant band who had quitted Scotland with such high hopes ever beheld their native land again; and those who did mostly returned either as hunted fugitives or, in long after years—as heart-weary and ruined exiles.

With anxious heart and sinking hopes Lillas had followed the story of that disastrous march southwards; rejoicing at first in its fleeting successes, and then crushed by the tidings of the complete defeat of the Jacobites at Preston. Learning that her husband, who had joined Foster's army, was among the captives at that town, Lillas had followed him thither in the hope of at least beholding him once again.

It was a terrible experience for the poor young wife, whose twenty-six

years of life had hitherto been spent in quiet seclusion; happy amid the Highland glens in which she had been born, and among which she had hoped to die. But love gives power to the weakest; and—how, she herself scarcely knew—Lillas Glenallen had conveyed herself and her four little ones through the disturbed and distracted country until she reached Preston, there, alas! to find herself no nearer communicating with her husband than she had been in Edinburgh.

"Woe to the vanquished" had been the motto of the conquerors. The unfortunate captive insurgents were strictly guarded and treated with the utmost rigor; the inhabitants of Preston were not very kindly disposed towards the Jacobites who had brought the "din o' war" into their hitherto peaceful town; and Lillas found that her Scots accent often exposed her to insult, as she timidly inquired her way about the streets, or endeavored to ascertain in which prison—actual or extemporized—her husband was now confined.

The pale, sad face of the young Scottish lady had, however, caused a feeling of compassion in the breast of the woman at whose house she had sought for lodgings; and slatternly and poor as were her present surroundings, Lillas counted herself as fortunate in being sheltered under Dame Ursula Godwin's roof; for every nook and corner in Preston was now crowded, either with General Carpenter's troops, or with visitors who came either from curiosity, or else, like herself, bent on obtaining tidings of, or access to, the Jacobite prisoners. Dame Ursula easily guessed the errand which had brought Lillas and her children to Lancashire. But, though the good woman was as virtuously indignant against the "wicked rebels" as were any of her fellow townsfolk, she forebore to visit the husband's sins upon the head of the wife.

Dame Ursula was kindly to her mournful young lodger; and Lillas at length became emboldened to employ her landlady to dispose of various personal treasures, on the sale of which, now her small stock of money was exhausted, the young wife and her children had to depend for the supply of their daily necessities. As days went by, Lillas encountered fellow-country-folk in Preston (attracted, like herself, by the magnet of dear ones in the prisons), and learnt from these friends that her husband was still alive, and in confinement in the principal gaol of the town. In vain, however, did Lillas, without money or influence, attempt to gain an interview with her husband. Ronald Glenallen had made himself somewhat conspicuous among the insurgents, and his name was upon the list of those who were to be transferred to London to be tried—and in all human certainty *condemned*—there.

Yet all hope was not at an end, as some of Lillas's new friends cautiously whispered.

The wealthy English Jacobites, who had timidly hung back from joining the rising, at least now showed some sympathy with the vanquished; money was freely sent from London, and secretly smuggled into the gaols of Preston, until, as a contemporary writes, "though it was difficult to obtain change for a guinea in the streets and shops of Preston" (the town being so impoverished by the war), "gold and silver abounded in all the gaols."

The ostensible reason for these charitable remittances was a desire to enable the Jacobite prisoners to procure such comforts and alleviations as were, in those days, purchasable in every gaol by payment, but more than one captive found that the money of his English friends furnished a "golden key" to liberty.

General Foster, the commander of the insurgent forces, had succeeded in

"breaking prison" and safely escaping to France—might not Ronald Glenallen be equally fortunate?

But without attracting suspicion, which would have been destructive to her hopes, Lillas found it impossible to communicate with her husband, or even to inform him that she was in the town. By a lucky chance, the humble lodging where Lillas had taken refuge was situated close by the prison in which she knew Ronald to be confined; should her husband succeed in effecting his escape a place of concealment was therefore near at hand; but how to convey this intelligence to the captive?

Lillas often glanced up as she passed the grim forbidding building (about which she dare not linger) with a yearning longing that her voice could penetrate to Ronald's cell, and whisper to him that she was watching and waiting so close at hand, and had means to effect his escape abroad, could he but reach her in safety. There was but *one* hope of opening a communication with the captive—a faint and feeble one indeed; but "drowning men catch at straws"—Lillas resolved at least to try this expedient.

Days went by, and the Glenallen little ones, accustomed to the fresh, free air of their Scottish home, began to droop amid the close atmosphere of the lanes and alleys of the overcrowded town, little Marjorie at length becoming so ill that a doctor had to be summoned. In one sense the child's illness proved a blessing in disguise, as it was through this same doctor (himself of strong Jacobite sympathies, though too cautious a man to have openly involved himself in the ill-starred rising) that Lillas was brought into communication with some of her fellow country-folk, and enabled to learn of her husband's whereabouts, and of the hopes entertained of his escape.

In the meantime Lillas's money was rapidly melting away—everything in

Preston was now at "famine prices;" and though the kindly little doctor generously waved aside the fees which Lillas offered, Marjorie's illness was costly, for the little sufferer needed delicacies and wine and similarly expensive things. Besides, it was necessary to keep at hand a small stock of guineas, lest the fugitive, so ardently longed for, should arrive penniless at his place of refuge, and be, in consequence, unable to proceed farther. Therefore, Lillas thankfully availed herself of Dame Ursula's proffered services for the sale of such lace, jewels and brocades as she possessed—no great stock in truth, for the wife of a small Highland laird was never lavishly supplied with these feminine luxuries; but such as Lillas possessed she readily now parted with—only, with a firmness which provoked Dame Ursula, obstinately clinging to one possession which, in the landlady's eyes, could have been "easiest spared" of all the valuables which had been sacrificed.

It was regarding this article, a large silver cup, with the Glenallen arms conspicuously emblazoned upon it, that the worthy landlady was now arguing with her lodger, who (very absurdly, as Dame Ursula considered) had, of late, placed this cup in the window where it was clearly visible to all passers-by in the street.

"'Tis a bit of sheer vanity, just to show she's better than the neighbors, I suppose," grumbled the dame, adding some remarks about the "folly of hanging out a bait for thieves."

Now, however, when Marjorie was lying sick and Lillas had timidly asked her landlady if she could procure her some needlework to execute, in order that she might earn a little for herself and her children, Dame Ursula fairly lost patience and bluntly told her lodger that she was "keeping a sight of good money locked up in waste" in the shape of the silver cup, which Lillas

so pertinaciously displayed in her window.

"Master Stevens, the silversmith, would buy it at a good price, madam, and, to speak the truth, it's little liking I have to see it stuck where it is in these troubled days, when the streets are full of desperate rogues, ready enough to cut the throats of an honest family if they fancy there's aught in their house worth stealing. The money that cup would fetch would be of good service to you, madam; and, to my mind, this house 'ud be far the safer if 'twas away."

Lillas's pale cheek flushed.

"I cannot part with that cup," she said, in a low voice; "'tis an heirloom," she added, after a moment's pause, "and I keep it for my son."

"Please yourself, madam; but I should have thought it was better to keep *his sister* for him," said Dame Ursula, angrily, flouncing downstairs to dilate to her servant upon the "beggary Scotch pride" which would see a child sink and die for the want of necessaries, rather than sell a piece of plate with the family arms upon it.

When alone Lillas buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"Husband and child," she whispered—"must I in truth choose between them? But oh, not even for Marjorie's sake dare I give up my only hope of saving her father's life."

"Mother," said the eldest of the children, the eight-years-old Alexander, "what for do you hold so firmly to yon silver cup?"

Lillas hesitated for a moment; then an overwhelming desire to open her heart came over her, and she drew her boy close to her arms.

"You're growing into a big laddie now, my bairn, and I'll trust you with my secret. Whisper now," and she breathed some low words into his eager ear.

Trouble had made the boy wise be-

yond his years; his face brightened intelligently as he listened to his mother's communication.

"Oh, mammie, but 'tis indeed a wise-like thought! Our father will thank and bless you for it."

"Truly will he, my bairn," answered a voice in a cautious whisper; and Lillas started as the door noiselessly unclosed, and, muffled in a cloak, a tall form hurriedly entered.

The loving wife's stratagem had been successful; Ronald had succeeded in effecting his escape from the prison, and, having learnt that his wife had followed him to Preston, was cautiously reconnoitring the streets, not daring to make open inquiries about her whereabouts, *when the familiar silver cup with his own arms upon it*, had caught his eye. The door of the house was fortunately on the latch (Dame Ursula was abroad, and her maid had slipped across the road for a gossip), and the proscribed Jacobite had thus been able safely to effect an entrance.

Dame Ursula was much gratified next day when Lillas informed her that she had thought over her advice, and was willing to sacrifice the treasured cup—it seemed indeed time to do this, for Marjorie—at the doctor's next visit—was pronounced to be so much worse that it was necessary to confine the child entirely to one chamber, and to exclude all visitors save her mother and Dr. Gray; though, judging by the amount of food still consumed by the lodgers, even this anxiety did not impair the appetite of the other children. Little did good Dame Ursula suspect that another inmate than the sick child lurked, for a day and a night, in her small back bedchamber; and that it was only after a man's tall figure had noiselessly crept down the staircase one midnight and escaped into the silent and deserted street that Marjorie was pronounced to be sufficiently convalescent to be again visible. Very possibly Dr. Gray

knew more than he chose to speak about—wise men see and hear much, but know how to keep their own counsel.

Ronald Glenallen safely effected his escape to France; and, thanks to the sacrifice of the "heirloom" cup, Lillas and her children found means to return to their peaceful Highland glens, where, when more merciful counsels had prevailed, the "Act of Oblivion" enabled

The Leisure Hour.

Ronald, in the after years, to rejoin his family, whom, but for his wife's loving ingenuity, he might never have met again.

Little did the English purchasers and owners of the Glenallen cup—lost forever to that family—guess how the silver goblet had once—like a ray from a lighthouse—guided its original owner into a harbor of refuge.

Lucy Hardy.

THE WATERWORKS.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MASTER OSWALD BASTABLE.

This is the story of the most far-reaching and influentially naughty thing we ever did in our lives. We did not mean to do such a deed; and yet we did do it. These things will happen with the best regulated consciences. It happened when we were in the country for our summer holidays.

The story of this rash and fatal act is intimately involved—which means all mixed up anyhow—with a private affair of Oswald's, and the one cannot be revealed without the other. Oswald would rather have his story unremembered, but he wishes to tell the truth, and perhaps it is what father calls a wholesome discipline to lay bare the awful facts.

It was like this: on Alice's and Noël's birthday we went on the river for a picnic. Before that we had not known that there was a river so near us. Afterwards father said he wished we had been allowed to remain in our pristine ignorance, whatever that is. And perhaps the dark hour did dawn when we wished so too; but a truce to vain regrets!

It was rather a fine thing in birth-days. The uncle sent a box of toys and

sweets, things that were like a vision from another and a brighter world. Besides that Alice had a knife, a pair of shut-up scissors, a silk handkerchief, a book (it was "The Golden Age," and is A 1, except where it gets mixed with grown-up nonsense), also a work-case lined with pink plush, and a boot-bag which no one in their senses would use, because it had flowers in wool all over it. And there was a kitten; but it got ill almost at once, and then she would do nothing but nurse it till it died. And she had a box of chocolates, and a musical box that played "The man who broke" and two other tunes; and two pairs of kid gloves for church; and a box of writing paper—pink, with "Alice" on it in gold writing; and an egg, colored red, that said "A. Bastable" in ink on one side. Mrs. Pettigrew gave the egg. It was a kindly house-keeper's friendly token.

I shall not tell you about the picnic on the river, because the happiest times form but dull reading when they are written down. I will merely state that it was prime. Though happy, the day was uneventful. The only thing exciting enough to write about was in one

of the locks, where there was a snake—a viper. It was asleep in a warm, sunny corner of the lock-gate, and when the gate was shut it fell off into the water.

Alice and Dora screamed hideously; so did Daisy, but her screams were thinner.

The snake swam round and round all the time our boat was in the lock. It swam with four inches of itself—the head end—reared up out of the water, exactly like Kaa in the Jungle Book, so that we know Kipling is a true author, and no rotter. We were careful to keep our hands well inside the boat. A snake's eye strikes terror into the boldest breast. When the lock was full father killed the viper with a boat-hook. I was sorry for it myself. It was indeed a venomous serpent, but it was the first we had ever seen, except at the Zoo—and it did swim most awfully well.

Directly the snake had been killed H.O. reached out for its corpse—and the next moment the body of our little brother was seen wriggling conclusively on the boat's edge. This exciting spectacle was not of a lasting nature; he went right in. Father clawed him out. H.O. is very unlucky with water.

Being a birthday but little was said. H.O. was wrapped in everybody's coats and did not take any cold at all.

This glorious birthday ended with an iced cake and ginger wine, and drinking healths. Then we played whatever we liked. There had been rounders during the afternoon. It was a day to be forever marked by memory's brightest what's-its name.

I should not have said anything about the picnic but for one thing. It was the thin edge of the wedge. It was the all-powerful lever that moved but too many events. You see, *we were now no longer strangers to the river.*

And we went there whenever we could. Only we had to take the dogs

and to promise no bathing without grown-ups. But paddling in back waters was allowed. I say no more.

I have not numerated Noël's birthday presents, because I wish to leave something to the imagination of my young readers. (The best authors always do this.) If you will take the large red catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores and just make a list of about fifteen of the things you would like best—prices from 21s. to 2s. 6d.—you will get a very good idea of Noël's presents, and it will help you to make up your mind in case you are asked just before your next birthday what you really need.

One of Noël's birthday presents was a cricket-ball. He cannot bowl for nuts, and it was a first-rate ball, so, some days after the birthday, Oswald offered him to exchange it for a cocoanut he had won at the fair, and two pencils (new), and a brand-new note-book. Oswald thought, and he still thinks this was a fair exchange; and so did Noël at the time, and he agreed to it, and was quite pleased till the girls said it wasn't fair, and Oswald had the best of it. And then that young beggar Noël wanted the ball back. But Oswald was firm, though not angry.

"You said it was a bargain, and you shook hands on it," he said, and he said it quite kindly and calmly.

Noël said he didn't care, he wanted his cricket-ball back.

And the girls said it was a horrid shame.

If they had not said that Oswald might yet have consented to let Noël have the beastly ball; but now of course he was not going to. He said, "Oh, yes, I daresay! And then you would be wanting the cocoanut and things again the next minute."

"No, I shouldn't," Noël said.

It turned out afterwards that he and H.O. had eaten the cocoanut, which only made it worse. And it made them

worse, too—which is what the books call poetic justice.

Dora said, "I don't think it was fair."

And even Alice said, "Do let him have it back, Oswald."

I wish to be just to Alice; she did not know then about the cocoanut having been secretly wolfed up.

We were all in the garden. Oswald felt all the feelings of the hero when the opposing forces gathered about him are opposing as hard as ever they can. He knew he was not unfair; and he did not like to have his conduct misunderstood just because Noël had eaten the cocoanut and then wanted the ball back. Though Oswald did not know then about the eating of the cocoanut, he felt the injustice in his soul all the same.

Noël said afterwards he meant to offer Oswald something else to make up for the eaten cocoanut, but he said nothing about this at the time.

"Give it to me, I say," Noël said.

And Oswald said, "Shan't."

Then Noël called Oswald names, and Oswald did not answer back—but just kept smiling pleasantly, and carelessly throwing up the ball and catching it again, with an air of studied indifference.

It was Martha's fault that what happened happened. She is the bull-dog, and very stout and heavy. She had just been let loose, and she came bounding along in her clumsy way, and jumped up on Oswald, who is beloved by all animals. (You know how sagacious they are.) Well, Martha knocked the ball out of Oswald's hands, and it fell on the grass, and Noël pounced on it like a hooded falcon on its prey. Oswald would scorn to deny that he was not going to stand this; and the next moment the two were rolling over on the grass, and very soon Noël was made to bite the dust. And serve him right. He is old enough to know his own mind.

Then Oswald walked slowly away

with the ball, and the others picked Noël up and consoled the beaten. But Dicky would not take either side.

And Oswald went up into his own room, and lay on his bed and reflected gloomy reflections about unfairness. Presently he thought he would like to see what the others were doing, without their knowing he cared. So he went into the linen-room and looked out of its window, and he saw they were playing kings and queens—and Noël had the biggest crown and the longest sceptre.

Oswald turned away without a word, for it really was sickening. Then suddenly his weary eyes fell upon something he had not before beheld. It was a square trap-door in the ceiling of the linen-room.

Oswald never hesitated. He crammed the cricket-ball into his pocket, and climbed up the shelves and unbolted the trap-door and shoved it up and pulled himself up through it. Though above all was dark and smelt of spiders, Oswald fearlessly shut the trap-door down again before he struck a match. He always carries matches; he is a boy fertile in every subtle expedient. Then he saw he was in the wonderful, mysterious place between the ceiling and the roof of the house. The roof is beams and tiles; slits of light show through the tiles here and there. The ceiling, on its other and top side, is made of rough plaster and beams. If you walk on the beams it is all right—if you walk on the plaster you go through with your feet. Oswald found this out later, but some fine instinct now taught the young explorer where he ought to tread and where not. It was splendid. He was still very angry with the others, and he was glad he had found out a secret they jolly well didn't know.

He walked along a dark narrow passage. Every now and then cross-beams barred his way, and he had to creep under them. At last a small door

loomed before him, with cracks of light under and over. He drew back the rusty bolts and opened it. It opened straight onto the leads; a flat place between two steep red roofs, with a parapet two feet high, back and front, so that no one could see you. It was a place no one could have invented better than, if they had tried, for hiding in. Oswald spent the whole afternoon there. He happened to have a volume of Percy's Anecdotes in his pocket—the one about lawyers—as well as a few apples. While he read and ate he fingered his cricket-ball, and presently it rolled away, and he thought he would get it by-and-by. When the tea-bell rang he forgot the ball and went hurriedly down. For apples do not keep the inside from the pangs of hunger.

Noël met him on the landing, and got red in the face, and said:

"It wasn't quite fair about the ball, because H.O. and I had eaten the coconut. You can have it."

"I don't want your beastly ball," Oswald said, kindly, "only I hate unfairness. However, I don't know where it is just now—when I find it you shall have it to bowl with as often as you want."

"Then you're not waxy?"

And Oswald said no—and they went in to tea together. So that was all right. There were raisin cakes for tea.

Next day we happened to want to go down to the river quite early; I don't know why. This is called Fate or Destiny. We called in at the Rose and Crown for some ginger-beer on our way. The landlady is a friend of ours, and lets us drink it in her back parlor instead of the bar, which would be improper for girls.

We found her awfully busy making pies and jellies; and her two sisters were hurrying about with great hams and pairs of chickens, and rounds of cold beef, and lettuces, and pickled salmon, and trays of crockery and glasses.

"It's for the Angling Competition," she said.

We said, "What's that?"

"Why," she said, slicing cucumber like beautiful machinery while she said it, "a lot of anglers come down some particular day, and fish one particular bit of the river, and the one that catches most fish gets the prize. They're fishing the pen above Stoneham Lock, and they all come here to dine. So I've got my hands full, and a trifle over."

We said, "Couldn't we help?"

But she said, "Oh no, thank you. I really am so busy I don't know which way to turn. Do run along like dears."

So we ran along like these timid, but graceful, animals.

Need I tell the intelligent reader that we went straight off to the pen above Stoneham Lock to see the anglers competing? Angling is the same thing as fishing.

I am not going to try and explain locks to you. If you've never seen a lock, you could never understand, even if I wrote it in words of one syllable, and pages and pages long. And if you have you'll understand without my telling you. It is harder than Euclid if you don't know beforehand, but you might get a grown-up person to explain it to you with books or wooden bricks.

I will tell you what a pen is, because that is easy. It is the bit of river between one lock and the next. In some rivers "pens" are called "reaches," but pen is the proper word.

We went along the towing-path; it is shady with willows, aspens, alders, elders, oaks and other trees. On the banks are flowers—yarrow, meadow-sweet, willow-herb, loose-strife and Lady's bed-straw. Oswald learned the names of all these trees and plants on the day of the picnic. The others did not remember them, but Oswald did. He is a boy of what they call most relenting memory.

The anglers were sitting here and

there on the shady bank among the grass and the different flowers I have named. Some had dogs with them, and some umbrellas, and some had only their wives and families.

We should have liked to talk to them and ask how they liked their lot, and what kinds of fish there were, and whether they were nice to eat, but we did not like to.

Denny had seen anglers before, and he knew they liked to be talked to; but though he spoke to them quite like to equals, he did not ask the things we wanted to know. He just asked whether they'd had any luck, and what bait they used.

And they answered him back politely. I am glad I am not an angler. It is an immovable amusement, and, as often as not, no fish to speak of after all.

Daisy and Dora had stayed at home. When we got to Stoneham Lock, Denny said he should go home and fetch his fishing-rod. H.O. went with him. This left four of us—Oswald, Alice, Dicky and Noël.

We went on down the towing-path.

The lock shuts up (that sounds as if it was like the lock on a door, but it is very otherwise) between one pen of the river and the next. The pen where the anglers were was full right up over the roots of the grass and flowers. But the pen below was nearly empty.

"You can see the poor river's bones," Noël said.

And so you could. Stones and mud and dried branches, and here and there an old kettle or a tin pail with no bottom to it, that some bargee had chucked in.

From walking so much along the river, we knew many of the bargees. Bargees are the captains and crews of the big barges that are pulled up and down the river by slow horses. The horses do not swim; they walk on the towing-path with a rope tied to them, and the other end to the barge. So it

gets pulled along. The bargees we knew were a good friendly sort, and used to let us go all over the barges when they were in a good temper. They were not at all the sort of bullying, cowardly fiends in human form that the young hero at Oxford fights a crowd of, single-handed, in books.

The river does not smell nice when its bones are showing. But we went along down because Oswald wanted to get some cobbler's wax in Yalding village, for a bird-net he was making.

But just above Yalding Lock, where the river is narrow and straight, we saw a sad, gloomy sight. A big barge sitting flat on the mud, because there was not water enough to float her.

There was no one on board, but we knew by a red flannel waistcoat that was spread out to dry on top, that the barge belonged to friends of ours.

Then Alice said: "They have gone to find the man who turns on the water to fill the pen. I daresay they won't find him. He's gone to his dinner, I shouldn't wonder. What a lovely surprise it would be if they came back to find their barge floating high and dry on a lot of water! Do let's do it. It's a long time since any of us did a kind action, deserving of being put in the Book of Golden Deeds."

Oswald said, "But how? You don't know how, and if you did we haven't got a crowbar."

I cannot help telling you that locks are opened with crowbars. You push and push till a thing goes up, and the water runs through. It is rather like the little sliding door in the big door of a hen-house.

"I know where the crowbar is," Alice said; "Dicky and I were down here yesterday when you were sul—" She was going to say "sulking," I know, but she remembered manners ere too late, so Oswald bears her no malice. She went on, "—yesterday, when you were upstairs. And we saw the water-tender

open the lock and the weir sluices. It's quite easy, isn't it, Dicky?"

"As easy as kiss your hand," said Dicky; "and what's more, I know where he keeps the other things he opens the weir sluices with. I votes we do."

"Do let's, if we can," Noël said; "and the bargees will bless the names of their unknown benefactors. They might make a song about us, and sing it on winter nights, as they pass round the wassail-bowl in front of the cabin fire."

Noël wanted to very much, but I don't think it was altogether for generousness, but because he wanted to see how the sluices opened. Yet perhaps I do but wrong the boy.

We sat and looked at the barge a bit longer, and then Oswald said, Well, he didn't mind going back to the lock and having a look at the crowbar. You see Oswald did not propose this; he did not even care very much about it when Alice suggested it.

But when we got to Stoneham Lock, and Dicky dragged the two heavy crowbars from among the elder bushes, behind a fallen log, and began to pound away at the sluice of the lock, Oswald felt it would not be manly to stand idly apart. So he took his turn.

It was very hard work but we opened the lock sluices, and we did not drop the crowbar into the lock either, as I have heard of being done by older and sillier people.

The water poured through the sluices, all green and solid, as if it had been cut with a knife; and where it fell on the water underneath, the white foam spread like a moving counterpane. When we had finished the lock, we did the weir, which is wheels and chains, and the water pours through over the stones in a magnificent waterfall and sweeps all around the weir-pool.

The sight of the foaming waterfalls was quite enough reward for our heavy labors, even without the thought of the

unspeakable gratitude that the bargees would feel to us when they got back to their barge, and found her no longer a stick-in-the-mud, but bounding on the free bosom of the river.

When we had opened all the sluices we gazed a while on the beauties of nature, and then went home, because we thought it would be more truly noble and good not to wait to be thanked for our kind and devoted action; and besides, it was nearly dinner-time, and Oswald thought it was going to rain.

On the way home we agreed not to tell the others, because it would be like boasting of our good acts.

"They will know all about it," Noël said, "when they hear us being blessed by the grateful bargees, and when the tale of the Unknown Helpers is being told by every village fireside; and then they can write it in the Golden Deed Book."

So we went home. Denny and H.O. had thought better of it, and they were fishing in the moat. They did not catch anything.

Oswald is very weatherwise—at least, so I have heard it said—and he had thought there would be rain. There was. And it came on while we were at dinner. A great, strong, thundering rain, coming down in sheets—the first rain we had had since we came into the country.

We went to bed as usual. No presentiment of the coming awfulness clouded our young mirth. I remember Dicky and Oswald had a wrestling match, and Oswald won.

In the middle of the night Oswald was awakened by a hand on his face. It was a wet hand and very cold. Oswald hit out, of course, but a voice said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Don't be a young ass! Have you got any matches? My bed's full of water. It's pouring down from the ceiling."

Oswald's first thought was, that by

opening those sluices we had flooded some secret passage which communicated with the top of the Moat House; but when he was properly awake he saw that this could not be on account of the river being so low.

He had matches. (He is, as I said before, a boy full of resources.) He struck one and lit a candle; and Dicky, for it was indeed he, gazed with Oswald at the amazing spectacle.

Our bedroom floor was all wet in patches. Dicky's bed stood in a pond, and from the ceiling water was dripping in rich profusion at a dozen different places. There was a great wet patch in the ceiling, and that was blue instead of white like the dry part, and the water dripped from different parts of it.

For a moment Oswald was quite unmanned. "Crikey!" he said, in a heart-broken tone, and remained an instant plunged in thought.

"What on earth are we to do?" Dicky said.

And really for a short time even Oswald did not know. It was a blood-curdling event—a regular facer. Albert's uncle had gone to London that day to stay till the next. Yet something must be done.

The first thing was to rouse the unconscious Others from their deep sleep, because the water was beginning to drip onto their beds. And, though as yet they knew it not, there was quite a pool on Noël's bed, just in the hollow behind where his knees were doubled up; and one of H.O.'s boots was full of water, that surged wildly out when Oswald happened to kick it over.

We woke them; a difficult task, but we did not shrink from it.

Then we said: "Get up! there is a flood! Wake up, or you will be drowned in your beds! And it's half-past two by Oswald's watch."

They awoke slowly and very stupidly. H.O. was the slowest and stupidest.

The water poured faster and faster from the ceiling. We looked at each other and turned pale.

Noël said, "Hadn't we better call Mrs. Pettigrew?"

But Oswald simply couldn't consent to this. He could not get rid of the feeling that this was our fault somehow for meddling with the river, though of course the clear star of reason told him that this could not possibly be the case.

We all devoted ourselves heart and soul to the work before us. We put the bath under the worst and the wettest place, and the jugs and basins under lesser streams and we moved our beds away to the dry end of the room. Ours is a long attic that runs right across the house.

But the water kept coming in worse and worse. Our nightshirts were wet through, so we got into our other shirts and knickerbockers, but preserved bareness in our feet. And the floor was an inch deep in water, however much we mopped it up.

We emptied the basin out of the window as fast as it filled, and we baled the bath with a jug, without pausing to complain how hard the work was. But in Oswald's dauntless breast he began to see that they would *have* to call Mrs. Pettigrew.

A new waterfall broke out between the firegrate and the mantelpiece, and spread in devastating floods. Oswald is full of ingenious devices. (I think I have said this before, but it is quite true, and perhaps even truer this time than it was last time I said it.) He got a board out of the box-room next door, and rested one end on the chink between the fireplace and the mantelpiece, and laid the other end on the back of a chair. Then we stuffed the rest of the chink with our night-gowns and laid a towel along the plank, and behold a noble stream poured over the end of the board right into the bath we put there

ready. It was like Niagara, only not so round in shape.

The first lot of water that came down the chimney was very dirty. The wind whistled outside.

Noël said, "If it is pipes burst and not rain, it will be nice for the water-rates."

Perhaps it was only natural after this for Denny to begin with his everlasting poetry. He stopped mopping up the water to say:

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The Water Rates were shrieking,
And in the howl of Heaven, each face
Grew black as they were speaking.

Our faces were black and our hands too, but we did not take any notice; we only told him not to gas, but to go on mopping; and he did, and we all did.

But more and more water came pouring down. You would not believe so much could come off one roof.

When at last it was agreed that Mrs. Pettigrew must be awakened at all hazards, we went and woke Alice to do the fatal errand.

When she came back with Mrs. Pettigrew in a nightcap and a red flannel petticoat over her nightgown we held our breath.

But Mrs. Pettigrew did not even say, "What on earth have you children been up to now?" as Oswald had feared. She simply sat down on my bed and said, "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" ever so many times.

Then Denny said: "I once saw holes in a cottage roof. The man told me it was done when the water came through the thatch. He said if the water lies all about the ceiling, it breaks it down, but if you make holes the water will only come through the holes, and you can put pails under the holes to catch it."

So we made nine holes in the ceiling with the poker, and put pails and baths

and tubs under; and now there was not so much water on the floor.

But we had to keep on working like niggers, and Mrs. Pettigrew and Alice worked the same.

About five in the morning the rain stopped, about seven the water did not come in so fast, and presently it only dripped slowly. Our task was done.

This is the only time I was ever up all night. I wish it happened oftener. We did not go back to bed then, but dressed and went down. We all went to sleep in the afternoon though, quite without meaning to.

Oswald went up on the roof before breakfast to see if he could find the hole where the rain had come in. He did not find any hole, but he found the cricket-ball jammed into the top of a gutter-pipe, which he afterwards knew ran down inside the wall of the house and joined the moat below. It seems a silly dodge, but so it was.

When the men went up after breakfast to see what caused the flood, they said there must have been a good half-foot of water on the leads the night before for it to have risen high enough to go above the edge of the lead, and of course when it got above the lead there was nothing to stop it running down under it, and soaking through the ceiling. The parapet and the roofs kept it from tumbling off down the sides of the house in the natural way. They said there must have been some "obstruction" in the pipe which ran down into the house; but whatever it was the water had washed it away, for they put wires down, and the pipe was quite clear.

While we were being told this, Oswald's trembling fingers felt at the wet cricket-ball in his jacket pocket. And he *knew*. But he could not tell. He heard them wondering what the "obstruction" could have been, and all the time he had the "obstruction" in his

pocket, and never said a single word.

I do not seek to defend him. But it really was an awful thing to have been the cause of; and Mrs. Pettigrew is but harsh and hasty. But this, as Oswald knows too well, is no excuse for his silent conduct.

Albert's uncle, who is a great friend of ours, came back that day. At tea-time he was rather silent too. At last he looked upon us with a glance full of intelligence, and said:

"There was a queer thing happened yesterday. You know there was an angling competition. The pen was kept full on purpose. Some mischievous busybody went and opened the sluices and let all the water out. The Anglers' holiday was spoiled. No—the rain wouldn't have spoiled it anyhow, Alice. Anglers *like* rain. The Rose and Crown dinner was half of it wasted because the anglers were so furious that a lot of them took the next train to town. And—this is the worst of all—a barge that was on the mud in the pen below, was lifted and jammed across the river; then the water tilted her over, and her cargo is on the river bottom. It was coals."

During this speech there were four of us who knew not where to turn our agitated glances. Some of us tried bread and butter, but it seemed dry and difficult, and those who tried tea choked and spluttered, and were sorry they had not let it alone.

When the speech stopped Alice said: "It was us."

And with the deepest feelings she and the rest of us told all about it. Oswald did not say much. He was turning the "obstruction" round and round in his pocket, and wishing with all his sentiments that he had owned up like a man when Albert's uncle asked him before tea to tell him all about what had happened during the night.

When they had told all, Albert's uncle told us four still more plainly exactly

what we had done, and how much pleasure we had spoiled, and how much of my father's money we had wasted—because he would have to pay for the coals being got up from the bottom of the river, if they could be—and if not, for the price of the coals. And we saw it *all*.

And when he had done Alice burst out crying over her plate, and said: "It's no use! we have tried to be good since we've been down here. You don't know how we've tried! And it's all no use. I believe we are the wickedest children in the whole world, and I wish we were all dead!"

This was a dreadful thing to say, and of course the rest of us were all very shocked. But Oswald could not help looking at Albert's uncle to see how he would take it.

He said, very gravely: "My dear Kiddie, you ought to be sorry—I wish you to be sorry for what you've done. And you will be punished for it." (We were; our pocket-money was stopped, we were forbidden to go near the river, besides impositions miles long.) "But," he went on, "you mustn't give up trying to be good. You are extremely naughty and tiresome, as you know very well."

Noël began to cry at about this time.

"But you are not the wickedest children in the world by any means."

Then he stood up and straightened his collar and put his hands in his pockets.

"You're very unhappy now," he said, "and you deserve to be. But I will say one thing to you."

Then he said a thing which Oswald, at least, will never forget (though but little he deserved it, with the obstruction in his pocket, unowned-up-to all the time).

He said: "I have known you all for four years—and you know as well as I do how many scrapes I've seen you in and out of; but I've never known one of you to tell a lie, and I've never known one of you to do a mean or dishonorable

action. And when you have done wrong you are always sorry. Now this is something to stand firm on. You'll learn to be good in the other ways some day."

He took his hands out of his pockets, and his face looked different, so that three of the four guilty creatures knew he was no longer adamant, and they threw themselves into his arms. Dora, Denny, Daisy and H.O. of course were not in it, and I think they thanked their stars. Oswald did not embrace Albert's uncle. He stood there and made up his mind he would go for a soldier. He gave the wet ball one last squeeze, and took his hand out of his pocket, and said a few words before going to enlist.

He said: "The others *may* deserve what you say. I *hope* they do, I'm sure. But I don't, because it was my rotten cricket-ball that stopped up the pipe and caused the midnight flood in our bedroom. And I knew it quite early this morning. And I didn't own up."

Oswald stood there covered with shame, and he could feel the hateful cricket-ball heavy and cold against the top of his leg through the pocket.

Albert's uncle said—and his voice made Oswald hot all over, but not with shame—he said:

I shall not tell you what he said; it was no one's business but Oswald's; only I will own it made Oswald not quite so anxious to run away for a soldier as he had been before.

That owning up was the hardest thing I ever did. They did put that in the Book of Golden Deeds, though it was not a kind or generous act, and did no good to any one or anything, except Os-

Pall Mall Magazine.

wald's own inside feelings. I must say I think they might have let it alone. Oswald would rather forget it, especially as Dicky wrote it in, and put this:

"Oswald acted a lie, which he knows is as bad as telling one. But he owned up when he needn't have, and this lessens his sin. We think he was a thorough brick to do it."

Alice scratched this out afterwards, and wrote the record of the incident in more flattering terms. But Dicky had used father's ink, and *she* used Mrs. Pettigrew's, so any one can read *his* under the scratching-outs.

The others were awfully friendly to Oswald, to show they agreed with Albert's uncle in thinking I deserved as much share as any one in any praise there might be going.

It was Dora who said it all came from my quarrelling with Noël about that nasty cricket ball, but Alice gently yet firmly made her shut up.

I let Noël have the ball. It had been thoroughly soaked, but it dried all right. But it could never be the same to me after what *it* had done, and what *I* had done.

I hope you will try to agree with Albert's uncle, and not think foul scorn of Oswald because of this story. Perhaps you have done things nearly as bad yourself sometimes. If you have you will know how owning up soothes the savage breast and alleviates the gnawings of remorse. If you have never done naughty acts, I expect it is only because you have never had the sense to think of anything.

E. Nesbit.

DAWN AMONG THE ALPS.

A thousand and ten thousand years ago
So softly poised the golden-footed day
On yon high-lifted minarets of snow,
That crown the wrinkled glaciers chill and gray.

And on the green knees of those giant scars,
Ages ere man arose to mark the hours,
The dawn descending kissed awake blue stars
Of gentians, and all tender Alpine flowers.

I, now, one moment in the vast of Time,
With eyes divinely hungered gazing there,
By earthly stairways into Heaven climb,
And pass the gates of Eden unaware.

I look, I love, I worship; yet mine eyes
Are held from their desire; I cannot see
What every floweret in its space describes,
Or worship as they worship, conscience-free.

Man stands so large before the eyes of man
He cannot think of Earth but as his own;
All his philosophies can guess no plan
That leaves him not on his imagined throne.

He is so blind he cannot see the glory
Of gods hill-haunting—haters of the street;
He hath no ears but for the human story,
Though lives more lovely blossom at his feet.

Who hath considered what a jewel-girth
Of beauty, every hurrying human day,
Encircles with divinity the Earth?
For man's eyes only—where's the fool will say?

Those shadow-pencilled valleys while I view,
Those snow-domes under hyacinthine skies—
A Presence is beside me, gazing too,
A richer love than mine, and holier eyes.

Or when amid the flowers I kneel, and dream
O'er starry morsels of Heaven's sapphire floor,
A larger happiness than mine doth seem
To dote there too and make my gladness more.

Yes, there are eyes—I know not whose—not man's,
For whom the world is fair; some worthier love
Than poet-worship all Earth's wonders scans;
We gather crumbs—the feast is far above.

The Spectator.

F. W. Bourdillon.

THE AUSTRIAN PERIL.

The coming elections in Austria have an interest far beyond the confines of the Dual Monarchy. Nobody knows how they will turn out while everybody feels their gravity. The Emperor has publicly warned his peoples that this is their final chance to arrange their difficulties by constitutional means. If the new Reichsrath proves as unworkable as the old ones, if the Extremists are again in control, the Constitution is to be suspended and the Emperor will have to assume once more his old rôle of autocratic ruler or else try and flatten out the racial enmities under the steam roller of universal suffrage. A Habsburg is more likely to incline to the former than the latter alternative. Either way the elections mark a crisis in the fate of Parliamentary institutions in Central Europe.

The trouble with Austria is that it is a jumble of eight or nine polyglot peoples, cooped up in a space smaller than Texas, owning a single sceptre, but without cohesion or common interests or a common character. Each race has lived its own life, made its own history, produced its own literature and struggled unceasingly to dominate its neighbors. Up to the middle of the present century the Germans were the victors. They ruled the whole realm from Vienna, enforced German law and the German language everywhere and tried to make each subject race forget it had ever had a history and tongue of its own.

Solferino and Sadowa overthrew their leadership. The Hungarians recovered their independence, and a great wave of patriotism swept through the races that had been so nearly extinguished. It showed itself first in a swift revival of local dialects; it spread from schools and literary societies, from patriotic poets to patriotic historians and statesmen, under whose guidance it culminated in a demand for the restoration of national rights. That has been the case of the Bohemian agitation, and the efforts of the Czechs to elbow out the Germans and re-establish the ancient kingdom of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, with a central Diet at Prague and a recognition of the equality of the German and Bohemian languages are the great feature of Austrian politics during the past forty years. And it is the comparative success of these efforts, especially since 1897, that has paralyzed Parliamentary Government in Austria, and all but broken up the Dual Monarchy.

The Bohemian question is not unlike the Irish. In both countries there is a fierce and instinctive racial antipathy. In both there is a demand for Home Rule supported by the native majority and resisted by the foreign "garrison." The position of the Germans along the borders of Saxony and Bavaria is precisely that of the English and Scotch settlers in Ulster. The position of the Czechs is precisely that of the Irish Nationalists. The German feels for the in-

flammable and "interesting" Slav very much as the Anglo-Saxon for the Celt, and the Slav retorts upon the "pig-headed" German the same epithets that come from Mr. Redmond and his followers. The Germans in the Vienna Reichsrath feel themselves bound to the preservation of the German colony in Bohemia just as the English majority in the House of Commons holds itself responsible for the safety of the English colony in Ireland. Two or three extra complications, happily absent in the case of Ireland, have helped to embitter the Bohemian question. The first is a difference of language; the second the neighborhood of two Great Powers, each claiming kinship with the warring races; the third is the presence of certain historical rights used by the Czechs to point the justice of their demands. Four hundred years ago the crown lands of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia formed the Czech kingdom of St. Vaelav; and what is now Hungary was then the Kingdom of St. Stephen. In 1526 the Czechs and Magyars offered their crowns to the House of Habsburg in return for protection against the Turks, stipulating only that they should retain all their old rights of independence and self-government. This contract was the legal basis for the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, and the Czechs maintain that their historical claim to independence rests on all fours with that of the Magyars, is founded on the same documents and coronation oaths, and supported by the same arguments. The Magyars have carried their point and are now practically a distinct State. The Czechs are still struggling towards their goal.

The language difficulty has been chiefly to the front of late years. In the spring of 1897 the Austrian Premier, Count Badeni, issued a decree placing German and Czech on an official par in Bohemia. As the Czechs number 3,644,000 and the Germans only 2,139,000, the

equality of the two tongues in law courts and Government Departments is not on the surface an unreasonable proposition. But the Germans would not listen to it. They argued that the decree was unconstitutional, that German is the language of a great commerce and a great literature, known and spoken the world over, while Czech is a mere Slav dialect, confined at most to five million people, and utterly useless outside Bohemia. Every educated Czech knows German, whereas a German would as soon think of learning Czech as an English official in Scotland of mastering Gaelic. Moreover, they pointed out that there are over seventy administrative divisions in Bohemia, with a population of a million and a half, in which the Czechs number barely ten thousand. Why should a German letter carrier or tax collector in these districts be made to learn an inferior Slavonic dialect?

But none of these arguments, though they have point, quite explains the fury of opposition that united the Germans of all parties and has led to the violent scenes in the Reichsrath since 1897. What inspired that opposition was the perception that the official equality of the two languages was merely the thin end of the wedge of Slav inundation, the forerunner of German absorption by an inferior and hated race. The Germans are fighting for the last remnants of an ascendancy which some curious blight of ineffectiveness and lassitude has caused them to lose. The Czechs feel within them the vigor of a young and pushing race, which can point within the last hundred years to a most striking development in industry and politics, music and literature. The bitterness of the struggle between them has led both nationalities into the awkward habit of looking across the border for help. The Germans turn to Berlin whenever a fresh concession is granted to the Czechs, and vow that,

sooner than stay and be swamped, they would exchange the Habsburgs for the Hohenzollerns; while the Czechs retaliate by appeals to the sympathy and assistance of their Russian brethren. At bottom these dramatics may be merely political effects intended for home consumption only; but it is worth noting that both in Berlin and Vienna there exist fully formed parties with no other plank in their platform than the ultimate consolidation of German-speaking Austria with the German Empire.

With such a ferment of racial feeling not only between Germans and Czechs, but between Poles and Ruthenians, the Magyars and the races they hold in check, and among the Italians of the Tyrol—a ferment embittered by a hundred differences of religion and social and economic interest—it is against all paper calculation that the realm should still hold together. Three bonds unite its discordant nationalities. The first is the monarchy; the second the army, and the third the international necessity of the existence of Austria-Hungary. The monarchy is accepted everywhere, and no race or faction wishes to replace it with any other form of government, or can conceive of any one but a Habsburg occupying it. The power of the Throne, always great, is now unusually so; partly because the intrigues and wranglings of small political groups make the Emperor's support or disfavor of supreme moment, and partly because the character of Francis Joseph—next to the Queen the most beloved of monarchs—his untiring labors and conspicuous fair-mindedness, as well as the great tragedies of his life, have made him to all his peoples an object of sympathy and respect. An even stronger tie is the army. It stands as a visible badge of solidarity that takes no account of race or creed, and lays upon German, Slav and Magyar alike the duty of obedience not to the Emperor of Austria as such, nor to the King

of Hungary as such, but to the ruler of the Dual Monarchy. Every man has served in it, done something, sacrificed something for it, and every man carries with him through life a reflection of its broad, imperial temper.

As for the third bond of union, Palacky, the Czech historian, explained it when he wrote that, "even if it were not already in existence, an Austrian Empire would have to be established, not only to ensure the welfare of the numerous nationalities involved, but also to secure the peace of Europe." The dictum needs little development for any one who tries to picture the scramble the partition of the Dual Monarchy would involve among Russia, Germany and Italy—the three countries that dwell on its borders, and are of the same blood and speech with four-fifths of its inhabitants. Nor are the various races less concerned in its maintenance. Dismemberment would mean for them the very fate of absorption each and all are most anxious to avoid. The day of small States has gone by, and an independent Czech nation or a lonely German-speaking kingdom in Austria could not exist for a year by the side of Russia and Germany. So far the triple bond has kept the Empire intact, but the bond is visibly weakening. Even the army has begun to show signs of the racial poison, and the Czechs had to be sharply rebuked by the Emperor for attempting to introduce their own language into the words of military command. The peril of the situation is that Austria-Hungary must work out its own salvation, and float or sink without help from outside. In spite of the Triple Alliance, it is the most isolated of the leading Powers of the world, and will have to find its own remedies if decomposition is to be prevented. The King is an old man; his specific of "justice towards all nationalities" has failed because not even his great influence has been able to secure for it a fair trial;

the heir-apparent is little known or cared for, especially after his marriage, and seemingly helpless before the centrifugal forces that threaten the Empire's dissolution, and when the patient wisdom of Francis Joseph is no longer a rallying-point to his subjects it is hard

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to see where the cement is to come from that will hold the fabric together. The best reason that any one can give for disbelieving that the Dual Monarchy will break up is that it has not already done so.

S. B.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

In Friedrich Max Müller Orientalists have lost their *doyen*, and Oxford her most illustrious professor. Whatever may be thought of his teaching on certain disputed points and theories, there is no question that he has stood for many years at the head of the Orientalists of England, and that no man has done more, or half so much, to promote and encourage the studies to which he devoted a long and honored life. Few people realize what an indomitable worker he was, or reckon the years and decades of tedious collation and revision and correcting of proofs that were needed to bring out the hundred volumes which he wrote or edited. To the last his energy was unabated. It seems only the other day that we noticed the second part of his reminiscences of "Auld Lang Syne," in which he told us how he "fell in love with India" so long ago as 1833; and his elaborate work on the "Six Systems of Indian Philosophy" appeared but last year, when their author was approaching his seventy-seventh year.

To many he was probably known chiefly as the delightful host, full of kindly humor and graceful courtesy, the well-bred man of the world, who knew everybody worth knowing, the eloquent persuasive lecturer, who could make the driest discussion of philology as fascinating as a romance. They did

not look back to the hard ascetic apprenticeship, the long years of single-minded application, the silent hours in the study, where "the Professor" must not be disturbed, which preceded and made possible this finished ease of exposition, this air of urbane leisure. Max Müller was one of the hardest workers of his time, and he had the gift of making others work with him. He got his industry and perseverance from his German blood, and his poet father in those early days at the little town of Dessau gave him his romantic German sentiment, his poetic outlook upon life, his warmth of sympathy. Those who have not read "*Deutsche Liebe*" do not know the real man, though indeed the same gifts of sympathy and idealism shine out even in such a work as the "*Indian Philosophy*." It was perhaps the sympathetic insight and poetic imagination, more than any literary and philological training (thorough as that was), that made him such a master of exposition. His English prose is "the envy of Englishmen," clear as a bell, yet warm, sometimes impassioned. But this clearness of thought and expression is no German inheritance. It was not the house at Dessau nor the teaching of Brockhaus and Bopp at Leipzig and Berlin that gave him his surpassing lucidity. He may have caught it at Paris, when

studying under Burnouf in the "forties;" sons of Oxford may perhaps claim that that university had her share in developing and refining his powers. The result was undeniable; Max Müller was an exceptionally lucid and fascinating teacher, whether by mouth or pen. He had the rare gift of being popular without ever descending from the cathedra of a scholar. Even his most popular works are the writings of a learned man who prizes learning above everything. He did not bring learning down to the level of the multitude, but he gave the multitude eyes and ears to take in what he had to teach.

Max Müller was, of course, first and last a Sanskrit student, though his labors upon Sanskrit texts are necessarily the least known. The great editions of the "Rig-Veda" with Sayana's commentary, in six volumes, occupied more than twenty years of hard drudgery and small earnings to which he looked back with pride: "I was as happy as a king all the time." The work was re-issued, after detailed revision, under the patronage of the late Maharajah of Vizianagram a few years ago. The hymns of the "Rig-Veda" were the Professor's favorite study, and several volumes of text or translation were published. A "History of Sanskrit Literature" went to a second edition in 1860. The "Veda" led him to comparative philology and mythology, for which the lectures of Bopp had already prepared him. His contributions to the "Science of Mythology," and still more his famous lectures at the Royal Institution on the "Science of Language" (1861, 1864), took England by storm. They were even the talk of the town. The lectures on the "Science of Language" were, it is true, original rather in form than in ideas; they familiarized English people for the first time with the method of Comparative Philology as elaborated by Max Müller's old master Bopp, and their merit lay in the brilliantly

lucid exposition which, in spite of the obsolete character of some of the details, makes them still fascinating to read. The theory of Comparative Mythology, commonly epitomized as the "Solar Myth," was strictly connected with the method of comparative philology. To quote the words of its most distinguished British adversary, Mr. Andrew Lang, "this system rests on comparison between the Sanskrit names in the Rig-Veda and the mythic names in Greek, German, Slavonic and other Aryan legends. The attempt is made to prove that, in the common speech of the undivided Aryan race, many words for splendid or growing natural phenomena existed, and that natural processes were described in a figurative style. As the various Aryan families separated, the sense of the old words and names became dim, the *nomina* developed into *numina*, the names into gods, the descriptions of elemental processes into myths." Comparative mythology, in fact, on this philological method, explained myths as "a disease of language." The value of the method in relation to the *genealogy* of myths is generally admitted, while its efficiency in explaining their *origin* has been more and more warmly disputed. But the attacks of the "anthropologists" did not dislodge the author from his position, which he reasserted without essential modification, not only in the famous "Chips from a German Workshop" (1868-75) and "Selected Essays" (1881), but even so lately as last year in "Auld Lang Syne." His "Introduction to the Science of Religion" was delivered at the Royal Institution in 1870; and later, as Gifford lecturer at Glasgow, he expounded his views in a series of lectures on the origin and growth of religion, Indian, natural, physical, anthropological and psychological, in 1887-1892. There is naturally much that is open to criticism and controversy in the views he set forth in repeated and va-

ried forms, but at least they are the views of an acute student of early Indian religious literature and of a thinker versed in philosophy and not afraid to think things out. They represent, or rather they lead, a school of interpretation, which has many supporters as well as many opponents; but the opposition is rather against the wide application of the philological method than against its value in certain aspects. That the controversy aroused by his brilliant writings is eminently stimulating, his anthropological adversaries should be the first to allow.

It is not, however, by his own works alone that Max Müller has earned the gratitude of all students of Eastern literatures. His chair at Oxford has been the focus of a wide circle of scholarly zeal inspired by his energy. No one but he could have carried through the gigantic scheme of a complete translation of the "Sacred Books of the East," now on the verge of the fiftieth volume, and secured the indispensable support not only in a material sense of the Government and the Oxford Press, but of many of the leading Orientalists of Europe. Most of the volumes were the work of many scholars, but each was arranged for by him, and every page passed through his careful hands before it was committed to "final press." Not content with this library of translations, he turned again to urging the publication of texts. In conjunction with Mr. Bunjio Nanjio he contributed three volumes of "Buddhist Texts from Japan" to the Aryan Series of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia," and joined Kenju Kasawara in an edition of the "Dharma-Samgraha;" whilst still more recently, under the auspices of the King of Siam, he began

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a series of translations of the "Sacred Books of the Buddhists," of which the second volume, by Mr. Rhys Davids, was published last December. The very fact that the King of Siam and the Maharajah of Vizianagram were prepared to support a work, however costly, which bore his imprimatur, shows the influence of Max Müller's writings in the East, where many of them have found their way into the vernaculars. It was his dearest wish to draw India and England closer together; to help each to understand the other. The wish is touchingly expressed again and again in his latest book, the second volume of "Auld Lang Syne," where his understanding sympathy with Indian thought and with the efforts of Indian reformers from within, is conspicuous. Undoubtedly his works have contributed greatly towards the result he desired, and thanks to him above others there is now a far more intelligent appreciation of the Hindu people than existed before he began to write. Indeed his influence has been powerful in many directions and always for the furtherance of learning. He had his detractors, but a scholar who was Foreign Member of the French Institute, a Knight of the Prussian *Ordre pour le Mérite*, an honorary member of almost every learned society, and an honorary doctor of several Universities, could probably afford to neglect them. The most signal honor he received was the admission to the Privy Council. No commoner, absolutely unconnected with politics, has ever been thus honored by the Queen, save Huxley and Max Müller. It was the crown of a lifetime of high and noble work.

THE MORALITY OF "EXPERTISING."

Some correspondents of a contemporary raised last week a question which we hoped they would continue to argue, for it is really one of the most perplexing questions of casuistry in modern life, and one, too, which is perpetually coming up. Most of the serious moral difficulties of that kind are of the rarest occurrence, but this one meets us every day. Is it fair so to use knowledge as to deprive the ignorant of their property, the value of which they have not understood? Most men, in practice, say it is fair. Thousands of amateurs as well as dealers are every day searching the by-ways of the world for treasures, which they know to be treasures, but which they hope the owners will deem to be of little worth. The majority of mankind think age a drawback to any article, while a minority value it above all other attributes. When the experts find anything, they give no hint of its value, but offer a small price, or produce the small price asked, and walk off with their prizes, exulting in their skill, and entirely contented in their consciences. They are most of them decent people; they would not, even if hungry, steal pence out of a blind man's tray; yet they will deprive the mentally blind of half or three-fourths, or even nine-tenths of the value of their possessions. They are even proud of the fact. They do not often lacerate the seller by telling him what in his ignorance he has parted with, though we have once at least known that done, the buyer coolly remarking as he left the shop that the bronze he had purchased for six pounds was worth at least sixty; but in all other company they are proud of their achievements. "I got that chest in a cottage," says one, "from an old woman

for ten shillings, and I suppose it is worth, even at auction, at least as many pounds." "I bought a little picture in Cairo," says another, "for a hundred francs, and sold it in London to a dealer too, for three hundred pounds." "I got the whole contents of an old palazzo," says a third, "for fifteen hundred pounds, and three vases among the stuff repaid my whole expenses." They even recount their feats in books and no more dream of defending themselves than Mæcenas does of defending himself for buying at the price asked for the pictures of the artist struggling towards fame. In one particular form of bargaining with the blind they not only boast of their successes, but are openly admired for them. There are excellent men in every society and every capital who have an accurate, sometimes a profound, knowledge of the pecuniary value of books, and if they see a scarce one offered for a few shillings or pence, will buy it with glee, carry it home exulting, and receive praise from their friends because they have done what deprived a blind man of part of the property that belonged to him. The seller is precisely in the position of the blind man; that is, he does not see, cannot see, what it is that is being taken away from him. Can that be right by any reasonable code of ethics, and especially by the Christian code, the very basis of which is that you should do unto others what you desire them to do unto you? If you may take away John Smith's book for sixpence, when it is worth six pounds, why may you not take away John Smith's silver spoons?

We have stated the case for that side pretty strongly, and we are not surprised that to many good men it seems absolutely unanswerable; but Christian-

ity and common-sense are rarely incompatible, and there is an answer, though it does not quite cover the whole ground. The usual one, that you must not buy to great advantage from a private person, but may buy in market overt, and especially may buy of a dealer in the article is in our judgment no answer at all. There is an immense difference in the gentlemanliness of the two acts, there being a tacit contract in society that except when a horse is in question men are to bargain with the cards on the table, and not to use secret knowledge; but where is the difference in honesty? The complaint is that the buyer is by the strength of superior knowledge taking away the property of the seller, and whether the latter is a tradesman or a private person does not, if that is true, signify one jot. You might as well say that to burgle Mr. Garrad's shop was not robbery, but to burgle a private house was. Except as regards sales at auction, the defence is not worth a straw, and it is only sufficient there because you are giving in an auction the highest price there is to give. We suspect that even there, if we have stated the whole case fairly, the true counsel of perfection would be to tell the owner of his mistake and the bidders' mistake, and to pay him the difference. The truth is we have not stated the whole case, but only that of the seller. There is the buyer also to be considered and his rights. The moralist who condemns bargain-seeking as dishonesty is asking the buyer to give away his knowledge to some one he does not know and does not care about, and why should he do that. He is generous if he does, but he is not bound to be generous when he does not want to be, or to give away gratis a power which it may have cost him years to acquire, and which is, at all events *his*, just as much as the other man's spoons. Intellectual property may be intangible, but it is property just as much as plate.

The buyer of the object of desire has only to pass on and the object recedes at once to the value it possesses in the mind of the ignorant owner. The buyer by his knowledge, in fact, *makes* the value as much as if he possessed the Rosicrucian's secret and could turn lead into gold. It is surely an extreme version even of Christian teaching to say that he is bound to be philanthropic, and teach the ignorant man the value of his possession before he passes on. That would really involve this consequence, that no man possessing a sovereign had a right to walk on if another man wanted it, a doctrine which would dissolve civilization at a blow, and make the beggar the master of mankind. The moralist who insists that John Smith shall give full value for an *editio princeps* which the dealer thinks an ordinary copy, is asking not for justice, but for generosity, the moral virtue of which is taken out of it by its being made, so to speak, compulsory. The buyer is, in fact, to subscribe heavily, whether he likes it or not, for the benefit of the seller. We think we can make this clear by stating a crucial instance. The buyer for the British Museum hears of a book, very rare and still wanting on his shelves, and is asked on inquiry £5 for it. It is worth, say, £50. Is the buyer, who is, of course, a trustee for the taxpayer, to pay the £5, or to *make* the taxpayer contribute £45 for the seller's benefit? The latter answer is impossible, and yet if the question is one of simple honesty, as we see is alleged, that is what he ought to do. We do not see, we confess, where an answer to this answer is to be found, except in the principle that no man has a right to make a market of any special faculty he may possess, but is bound to use it, asking only a living wage, for the benefit of all, which is not, as we judge, Christianity, but Socialism.

Is there then no practical rule which

can be applied in such cases? We should say that the simplest was never to persuade. If the seller is a dealer, pay his price and go away; if he is a private person, either pay his price, if he has fixed one, or, if he has not, offer one, and but one, and go away, successful or unsuccessful. Do not deny, if challenged, that the object desired is worth much more though you will not give it, and do not under any circumstances buy below value where the motive of

sale is clearly imperative poverty. The seller then is not really a free agent, and though you are not bound to be generous, you are bound not to justify Traddles's great argument, that no man knows how mean a man can be if he gives his whole mind to it. It comes, in short, in plain English to this, that you are at liberty to refuse to give away your knowledge, which is your property, when buying, but you are not at liberty to tell, or to act, lies.

The Spectator.

HOW ONE WINTER CAME.

In the Lake Region.

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,
In those gray, withered days.

Behind a mist the bleary sun rose and set,
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;
The fisherman, a ghost, did cast his net;
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarled root
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood
In weird expectancy.

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,
Fast fell the driving snow.

From "Beyond the Hills of Dream."

W. Wulfred Campbell.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is intimated that the forthcoming collected edition of Ruskin's writings will include a good deal of new material.

A volume of recollections of the Tennysons is promised, from the pen of Canon Rawnsley, who was long intimate with the family.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins continues his studies and sketches of prison life with a volume of tales entitled "The Silent Gates: a Voyage into Prison."

Mr. William Howe Downes's little volume on "Twelve Great Artists," which Little, Brown & Co. publish, has a flavor of its own. It is a group of vivid appreciations of certain artists, for whose work the writer feels admiration. Mr. Downes is not the type of critic who regards cynicism as an essential element of criticism; he has enthusiasms and he is not afraid to express them.

It is probable that the last work of Charles Dudley Warner, whose recent sudden death is so great a loss to literature, was done on three articles which he wrote for *The Century*. The first of these, published in the November *Century* is a sketch of a dog, called "The Education of Sam." The December number of the magazine will contain an essay entitled "The Pursuit of Happiness." The third contribution is upon "Fashions in Literature," and relates to popular tastes in fiction.

Commenting on *The Century's* remark that in America the story of action or romantic novel "has finally carried the citadel of public fancy with a

rush," *The Academy* remarks that it is otherwise in England. There it is the society novel which holds first place, "the account—smart, witty and sentimental—of a circle of people whose objects in life are mainly social ambition and falling in and falling out of love."

Apropos of the suggestion made by Professor Dowden, and endorsed by Sir Walter Besant, of an elaborate history of English literature, Mr. W. Heinemann makes the interesting announcement, in *The Athenæum*, that he has had for several years, in active preparation, a large illustrated history of English literature, written jointly by Mr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Edmund Gosse, the first volume of which he hopes to publish before the end of 1901.

Beautiful type, heavy paper and a page decorated in colors demand a certain quality in the text or the effect is incongruous. Paul Leicester Ford's short story, "Wanted—A Matchmaker," with its blending of romance and philanthropy, makes just that appeal to the emotions which will lead many readers to enjoy seeing it in typography befitting their appreciation. The decorations are by Margaret Armstrong, the full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. The holly on the cover suggests at once the use to which this and many other publications of Dodd, Mead & Co. are admirably adapted.

Something altogether unique in lexicography is a dictionary of public-school English, which is announced in London. It is to be called "The Public School Word-Book," and is further defined as a contribution to a histori-

cal glossary of words, phrases and terms of expression, obsolete or in present use, which are peculiar to the great English public schools, together with some that are or have been in vogue at the universities. The compiler, Mr. John S. Farmer, has done his work *con amore*, and is delighted with the richness and variety of the results.

Three volumes devoted to the United States are to be added to the "Story of the Nations" series. One, by Miss Helen Ainslie Elliott, deals with the American colonies during the period between 1625 and 1783; the others, by Professor Laughlin of Michigan University, deal with the history of the United States from 1783 to 1900.

The Magazine of American History is to be revived with the beginning of the new year; and all who lamented its untimely suspension will welcome its reappearance. There has been a remarkable quickening of interest in American history during the last decade, of which the revival of this magazine is a pleasing sign.

Details of the library of the late Henry Spencer Ashbee, which he bequeathed to the British Museum, are enough to make a book-collector's mouth water. Mr. Ashbee had a noble collection of editions of Don Quixote. He indulged himself in the pastime of extra-illustration; and his copy of Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes" was extended from nine to thirty-four volumes by the addition of more than 5,000 portraits and views. The great value of the library is the section of French books, printed chiefly in small numbers for the members of "bibliophile" clubs. Several of these exquisitely printed books were specially illustrated, Mr. Ashbee having given orders to eminent French book-illustrators to execute a

number of drawings in water colors, etc., and having these original designs bound up with the book they illustrate.

From Mr. E. Denison Ross's article on "Modern Persian Literature" in the North American Review, it appears that Persia contains no printing press, but relies entirely on copyists and lithography for the distribution of its literature. It is said that the unpopularity of type-printing is due to two causes; the straightness of the lines offends the Persian's artistic sense; and in printed books the character of the letters is entirely lost. Even lithography has not been much applied to the multiplication of Persian standard works, many of which exist only in manuscripts.

The many readers who remember appreciatively Henry B. Fuller's entertaining group of travel sketches, called "From the Other Side," will welcome a second volume from his versatile pen. Shrewd character analysis, cynical comment, amusing dialogue, brilliant descriptions of Italian scenery and art, a slender thread of narrative and some surprising situations—all together make a book hard enough to classify without the symbolism which attracts and eludes by turns. Allegory or extravaganza or both, "The Last Refuge" is an exceedingly clever and suggestive piece of writing. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In "The Cobbler of Nimes," M. Imlay Taylor, author of "On the Red Staircase" and other popular stories of a semi-historical character, presents a study of the period succeeding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The heroine is a Huguenot of noble birth, and the rivalry between two lovers of opposite faiths furnishes the main incidents of the plot. The character of the hunchbacked cobbler—the good genius

of the story—is especially well drawn. Books of this type will not bear comparison with the masterpieces of historical fiction, but they do not challenge it. They make pleasant and wholesome reading for those to whom the great novels still seem formidable, and deserve praise for what they are, rather than criticism for what they are not. Miss Taylor's books are among the best of their class. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Arthur R. Thompson's "Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail" (Little, Brown & Co.) might well have for its sub-title "The Klondike for Boys;" for it is a stirring story of veritable adventures in the famous Klondike region, told in a manner to engage the interest of boys who have any love of adventure, as most boys have, yet accurate in its portrayal of existing conditions. Mr. Thompson is at no pains to disguise or minimize the hardships which attend such experiences; and even the boy who gallops through the book, spurred on by his interest in the story, will scarcely leave it without a more vivid idea than he had before of the actual conditions under which gold-seekers in the far north pursue their quest. There are a number of illustrations.

The association of writer and artist in the holiday edition of Henry James's "A Little Tour in France," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, is a fortunate one, for Mr. Joseph Pennell, who furnishes the numerous full-page views, head and tail pieces and other decorations of the text, is not only fully in sympathy with Mr. James's mood, but as familiar as himself with the ancient cities and towns of Provence which Mr. James describes. It is an odd circumstance that these sketches of travel, written and first published a number of years ago, were originally intended to be interpreted by drawings, but for some reason missed of that ac-

companiment. They are in Mr. James's most delightful style—indeed, to some readers who know Mr. James only in his fiction, it will be a revelation that he has such a style as this. Pictures and text are alike charming.

Surely it must be a very young man who, over the signature of "The Bookworm" in *The Academy*, writes of Thomas Wentworth Higginson: "How many English people can place their hands upon their hearts and assert positively that they ever heard of Mr. Higginson, much less ever came across his publications?" It would puzzle "The Bookworm" to mention a contemporary British essayist who better understands how to use the English tongue than Colonel Higginson. As a matter of fact, he is well and agreeably known in England. Probably if he had written startling fiction, instead of charming essays, "The Bookworm" would have been better informed and less supercilious.

The political campaign being over, and the grave problems with which the United States has to deal being transferred from the stump speaker to the statesman, there should be opportunity for a thoughtful reading of Mr. Charles A. Conant's volume, "The United States in the Orient," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The seven chapters of which it is composed have appeared in various reviews during the last two years; but, grouped in this volume, they present a thoughtful discussion of the economic problem in the Far East. Mr. Conant is a publicist who is accustomed to the study of economic and governmental questions, and who writes upon them with force and intelligence. He is no pessimist; and people who are unduly cast down by reflection upon the responsibilities recently devolved upon the United States will find this volume both illuminating and inspiring.

